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History of the
Settlement of Blue Licks
August 19, 1782

By BENNETT H. YOUNG



COLONEL BENNETT H. YOUNG.

*For my friend George & Yvonne in
renewed assurances of my regard
and esteem*
HISTORY
for my friend Jan. 1st Bennett & Young
— OF THE —

BATTLE OF BLUE LICKS

BY

BENNETT H. YOUNG

Author of "History of the Constitutions of Kentucky," President of the
Polytechnic Society of Kentucky, Member of the Filson Club

"He who dies for a good cause never dies in vain"

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PREFACE.

THERE is no monument at the battle-field of the Blue Licks to commemorate the valor and chivalry of those who, on its rugged hillsides and in the Valley of the Licking, gave their lives for the protection of the settlements then scattered over the three counties into which Kentucky was divided.

This conflict was the last battle of any consequence in Kentucky between the settlers and the savages. In it, some of the most brilliant and courageous men who lived in that period of the world, poured out their blood for the common defense.

An association has been organized at Carlisle, Kentucky, for the purpose of erecting a monument to the men who, on that eventful day, perished in that conflict.

The history of the Battle of Blue Licks, contained in the succeeding pages, was written at the request and for the use of the Filson Club, of Louisville, Kentucky, as a sequel to the history of the Siege of Bryant's Station, and it is a part of the Twelfth Volume of the Filson Club Publications.

By the courtesy of the Club, through its president, Colonel R. T. Durrett, this account is published in separate form and with the hope of creating an interest in an effort to erect a fitting memorial on the battle-field.

The officers of the Blue Licks Monumental Association are: G. R. Keller, President; Bennett H. Young, Vice-President; F. B. Lindsay, Second Vice-President; H. M. Taylor, Secretary and Treasurer; Rev. H. M. Scudder, D. D., Hanson Kennedy, Thomas Hunter, J. T. S. Brown, R. T. Durrett, Directors, and they have undertaken to secure a fund for the purpose of placing over the common grave of the heroes who perished there a stone of lasting and appropriate remembrance.

INDEX.

Appendix,	69
Attack on Bryant's Station, Summary of,	1
Battle of Blue Licks—Durrett's Statement and Note,	2
Battle of Blue Licks—British Plan of,	81
Battle of Blue Licks—Sequel to Bryant's Station,	2
Battle of Blue Licks—Boone, Colonel Daniel, Statement,	85
Battle of Blue Licks—Campbell, Colonel Arthur, Criticism of,	91
Battle of Blue Licks—Todd, Colonel Levi, Account of,	89
Bayonet against Tomahawk,	46
Beginning of the Battle,	43
Black-letter Year in Kentucky,	13
Blue Licks Battle—Caldwell, Captain, Account of,	78
Blue Licks Battle—McKee, Captain Alexander, Account of,	81
Blue Licks Battle—Logan, Colonel Benjamin, Account of,	93
Blue Licks Battle—Todd, Colonel Levi, Account of,	80
Boone, Colonel Daniel, Account of and in the Action, 34, 37, 50, 100	
Boone, Colonel Daniel, Escape to His Own Station,	64
Boone, Colonel Daniel, Account of Battle,	85
Boone, Colonel Daniel, Letter to Governor Benjamin Harrison (same),	85
Boone, Israel,	100
Boone, Samuel,	101
Brown, J. T. S.,	iv
Bryans or Bryants not in the Station. (See Filson Club.)	
Bryant's Station, Colonel D. Boone's Story of the Siege of,	85
Bryant's Station, Siege of, by Alexander McKee,	81

Bryant's Station, Siege of, by Captain Caldwell,	78
Bryant's Station, Siege of, by Colonel Levi Todd,	80
Bulger, Captain John,	99
Burney, Simon,	96
Buffalo at the Blue Licks,	35
Caldwell, Captain William,	4
Caldwell, Captain William, Letter in the Haldimand Papers,	78
Campbell, Colonel Arthur, on the Battle of Blue Licks,	91
Chickasaw Indian Reasons for the War,	95
Clark, Colonel, Letter to Governor Benjamin Harrison,	72
Clark, General George Rogers,	4, 19
Clark, General George Rogers, Letter to Governor Benjamin Harrison,	71
Cooper, Benjamin,	101
Corn, Esau (Evan?),	100
Council of War on the Licking,	36-37
Damage at Bryant's Station,	28
Date of the attack on Bryant's Station,	4-5
Day's March by Kentuckians,	32
Day's March by Indians,	33
Dead of the Battle in One Common Grave on the Field,	66-67
Desecration of Bodies of the Slain at Blue Licks,	59
Disorganization of the Militia Marching on Blue Licks,	41-42
Dress of Kentucky Militia,	27-28
Duncan, S. M.,	56
Durrett, Colonel R. T.,	iv
Eads, William,	100
Elliott, Captain Matthew,	23-24
Ellis, Captain William,	64, 100
Extracts of Letters—Dissatisfaction in Kentucky Militia,	76-77

Families of the Slain in the Battle,	3
Fayette County Officers, Letter to Governor Benjamin Har- rison,	69
Ferguson, Charles,	100
Field, Ezekiel,	100
Fighting Men in Kentucky Counties in 1782,	4
First Sight of the Indians at the Blue Licks,	36
First Fire of the Enemy at the Blue Licks,	41-42
Floyd, Colonel John,	4
Folley, John,	100
Food of the Indians at Ruddell's Station,	21
Food Rations Prepared at Bryant's Station,	32
Forts in Fayette County in 1782,	4
Foster, Daniel,	100
Fry, John,	100
Fugitives Escaped Through the Woods,	58
Girty, Simon, Not in Command, Sketches of,	20-21, 24-25
Givins, Lieutenant William,	99
Graham, James (little),	100
Graham, James,	101
Grant, Squire,	101
Greggs, Daniel,	100
Green, Jervis,	100
Haldimand, Sir Frederick (Note),	14-15
Harrodsburg Advised of the Siege of Bryant's Station,	6
Harlan, Silas,	11, 99
Harget, Peter,	101
Harris, William,	100
Hayden, Benjamin,	101
Hinson, Lieutenant (Henson?),	99

Heroines Who Went for Water,	62
Historic Importance of Bryant's Station Siege?	2
Horrors of the Retreat from the Licks,	49
Horses of Kentuckians Mounted by the Pursuing Indians,	49-50
Hunter, Thomas,	iv
Indian Signs not Hidden as they Retreated toward Blue Licks,	31
Indians did not Avoid Pursuit,	32
Indian Scouts Watched the Kentucky Militia Advance,	35
Indians Under Tree Coverts at the Blue Licks,	44
Invasion of Indian Country the Way to Subdue Them,	95-96
Jealousies of Pioneer Kentuckians,	19
Johnson, Captain Samuel,	100
Keller, G. R.,	iv
Kennedy, Hanson,	iv
Kentuckians Reach Licking Bottom,	35
Kentuckians Meet Defeat at Blue Licks,	44
Kentuckians Killed at Ford of Licking,	50
Killed Crossing the Licking,	50
Killed on the Hill,	90
Killed in the Retreat,	45, 49
Kincheloe's Station Destroyed,	96
Kincaid, James,	101
Kincaid, Captain Joseph,	99
Letter of Daniel Boone,	76, 85
Letter of Colonel Arthur Campbell,	91
Letter of Captain Caldwell,	78
Letter of General George Rogers Clark,	71
Letter of Colonel S. Clark,	72
Letter of Fayette County Officers,	68
Letter of Colonel Benjamin Logan,	93

Letter of Alexander McKee,	81, 85
Letters of Colonel Levi Todd,	80, 89
Letters of Andrew Steele,	74, 97
Lincoln Volunteers the Greatest Sufferers,	64
Lindsay, F. B.,	iv
List of Killed at the Blue Licks (Kentuckians),	99-100
List of Survivors of the Battle of the Blue Licks,	100-101
Logan, Colonel Benjamin, of Lincoln Militia, Sketches of, 4, 60, 61, 65, 66, 93	
Logan's Arrival at Bryants,	60
Logan's Start to the Battle-Field,	60
Logan's Meeting the Fugitives,	61
Logan's Second Start to Blue Licks,	65
Logan's Final Return to Station,	66
Logan's Letter to Governor Harrison,	93
Logan's Account of the Battle,	93
Marshall, Gilbert,	100
Manner of March of Militia from Bryant's Station,	28-29
May, William,	101
McBride, Francis,	100
McBride, Captain William,	99
McConnell, Andrew,	100
McCracken, Isaac,	100
McCullough, James,	101
McGary, Major Hugh, Sketch and Actions of,	39, 41, 87, 100
McKee, Alexander, Personal Mention of,	5, 22, 23, 81
McKee, Alexander, Account of the Battle of Blue Licks,	81
McMurtry, Ensign John,	101
Miller, Henry,	100
Morgan, James,	101

Nelson, John,	100
Netherland, Benjamin,	54, 56, 101
No Order of Retreat Given nor Required,	48
Number of Killed in Kentucky from 1775 to 1782,	4
Numbers of the Savage Foes (Note),	17
Officers Killed at the Blue Licks,	46
Order of Ranking Command at the Battle of the Blue Licks,	42
Overton, Captain Clough,	99
Patterson, Robert,	53, 100
Percentage of Loss at Blue Licks,	48
Percentage of Officers at Bryant's and the Licks,	7-8
Polley, Drury,	100
Preface,	iii
Prisoners Who Returned from the Blue Licks (Note),	58
Prisoners Taken in 1780 by Captain Bird,	97-98
Proportion of Fighting Men Slain at the Blue Licks,	99, 101
Question of Waiting for Logan's Men,	17
Rashness of Hugh McGary,	41
Report of Mortality at Blue Licks,	62
Retreat the Only Course at the Licks,	48
Retreat Without Order,	47
Rose, Lewis,	101
Rose, James,	101
Rose, Matthias,	100
Ruddle and Martin's Stations,	26
Salt of the Blue Licks,	36
Scudder, H. M.,	iv
Siege and Battle Described by Andrew Steele,	97-98
Smith, James,	100
Smith, William,	100

Smith, John,	101
Steele, Andrew, Sketch and Actions of,	65, 76, 98, 101
St. Asaph's Advised of the Siege of Bryant's,	6-7
Taylor, H. M.,	iv
Things Explanatory of the Licks, 1782,	2-3
Todd, Colonel Levi, Accounts of,	6, 7, 12, 80, 89, 100
Todd, Colonel John, Accounts of,	5, 7, 9, 10, 17, 42, 99
Todd and Boone in Council (Note),	33
Trigg, Colonel Stephen, Sketches of,	10, 11, 17, 99
Twyman, Stephen,	101
Wilson, John,	100
Wilson, Israel,	100
Wilson, Henry,	101
Wyandot Indians,	15, 45-46
Young, Bennett Henderson,	1

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Bennett H. Young,	Frontispiece
Buffalo Trace Up the Ridge to the Battle-Field, .	Opposite 36
Point of Attack by the Indian Ambuscade, . . .	" 41
The Ford of the Licking,	" 33

THE BATTLE OF THE BLUE LICKS; A SEQUEL TO THE SIEGE OF BRYANT'S STATION.

BY COLONEL BENNETT H. YOUNG,

Member of the Filson Club.

THERE is nothing more glorious or more heroic in all Kentucky's history than the siege of Bryant's Station, nor is there any thing more tragic or more dreadful in that same history than the Battle of the Blue Licks. The one was the sequel to the other. Hardly had the plaudits of the pioneers for the women of Bryant's Station died on the stillness of the sultry August air ere summer breezes carried the story of the awful carnage and destruction at the Battle of the Blue Licks, from the valley of the Licking, by the buffalo traces, to the settlements on the Kentucky River.

The learning, the eloquence, and the scholarship of our distinguished President have placed in attractive and charming narrative the story of Bryant's Station. You have heard with delight his beautiful and thrilling account of the sublime courage of the pioneer Kentucky women on the 16th of August, 1782, and now to me has been assigned the task of giving this club some account of that terrible battle, which so left its impress on Kentucky

The Battle of the Blue Licks.

hearts and homes that a century has not been able to efface it.*

Before entering upon the history of the battle it is necessary to deal with a few historical facts and characters, so that you may more fully understand what that battle meant, and what was its cost to the people of Kentucky.

The slain represented one thirteenth of the fighting men in the three counties into which the State was then divided. They were related to nearly all the families within Kentucky's borders, and comprised in an unusual ratio the enterprise, the leadership, and the courage of Kentucky defenders and settlers. The sacrifice that day made was the most costly which on any single occasion war's demand had ever exacted from the infant territory.

* There has been more written about the Battle of the Blue Licks than any other event in Kentucky history. It is impossible to reconcile all the statements in these many accounts. A correct story of this battle has only become possible since 1882. The issue of what is known as "The Calendar of the Virginia State Papers" and the copying for the Canadian Archives the Haldimand Papers in the British Museum have unfolded all the facts about this event, parts of which had remained concealed for over one hundred years.

The publication of the third volume of the Virginia Calendar was made in 1883. Here first became public the Kentucky contemporaneous accounts of the Battle of the Blue Licks. The papers most important and interesting were:

Letter of Andrew Steele to Governor Harrison, dated Lexington, Kentucky, August 26, 1782. Virginia Calendar, volume 3, page 269.

Report of Colonel Benjamin Logan to Governor Harrison, dated Lincoln County August 31, 1782. Virginia Calendar, volume 3, page 280.

It was not so much that they had died. Its commonness had robbed death of its terrors to the Kentucky pioneer. In the seven years immediately preceding this battle nine hundred people had been murdered in their homes or gone down to death in the storm of battle. In this period as many had died by violence as now lived in the State. It was the suddenness of the calamity which gave it so many horrors. It came when every heart was full of pride at the heroic defense of Bryant's Station. When removed from the din and excitement of battle the offering appeared so useless and so reckless, and it did more to excite public fear, to unsettle public confidence, and stimulate public alarm than the dreadful array of all the deaths which had marked all the years since 1775.

Letter of Levi Todd to Governor Harrison, dated Lexington, Kentucky, September 11, 1782, *Virginia Calendar*, volume 3, page 300.

Report of civil and military officers of Fayette County to Governor Harrison, dated Lexington, Kentucky, September 11, 1782. *Virginia Calendar*, volume 3, page 301.

Daniel Boone's letter to Governor Harrison, giving an account of the battle, dated Fayette County, Boone's Station, August 30, 1782. *Virginia Calendar*, volume 3, page 275.

Report of Major William Caldwell, the British Commandant, dated Wakatamiki (now Zanesfield, Logan County, Ohio), August 26, 1782. *Haldimand Manuscripts*, Series B, volume 123, page 297.

Also report of Captain Alexander McKee, who was in command of the Indians, dated same place, August 28, 1782. *Haldimand Manuscripts*, Series B, volume 123, page 302.

All these papers are given in full in the appendix to this article.

In 1782 there were only about a thousand fighting men in the entire State. One hundred and fifty of these were in Fayette County; that is, all of the territory east of the Kentucky River and its middle fork. Five hundred more were in Lincoln County, substantially bounded east and north by the Salt and Kentucky rivers; and the remainder were in Jefferson County, principally in and around the then town of Louisville. The vast territory comprised within Fayette County had only five forts within its boundary. Savage invasion had caused the remainder to be evacuated, and now only Lexington, McClellan's, McConnell's, Bryant's, and Boone's were left to assert the demands of the whites for the ownership of the land.

General George Rogers Clark was at Louisville; he was the ranking officer in the territory. He had built the fort at the Falls of the Ohio, and constructed a row-boat, on which were a few pieces of artillery. The boat could be pulled up and down the Ohio River by fifty oarsmen, to the point where danger was most imminent.

John Todd was commander in Fayette, Benjamin Logan in Lincoln, and John Floyd in Jefferson County.

There has been quite a difference of opinion as to the exact date upon which Caldwell, McKee, and Elliott, the British officers, accompanied by Simon Girty, George Girty, and the Indian allies, appeared before Bryant's

Station. Levi Todd and Daniel Boone both say that the Indians appeared on the morning of the 16th of August. Colonel John Mason Brown has it on the 15th. Alexander McKee, one of the British officers, says they arrived at Bryant's Station on the 18th. Major Caldwell, the British commander, says it was on the morning of the 15th. It is not probable that Caldwell and McKee, in their wilderness campaign, were able to keep very accurate diaries, and a careful calculation backward from the day of battle demonstrates that it was the 16th of August when Caldwell and McKee, piloted by Simon Girty, assailed the place. They had surrounded it during the previous night. They came like the pestilence that walks in the darkness, unexpected and unseen. They had marched along the buffalo traces or stolen through the forests without having given to any one any notice of their intention. They had crossed the Ohio River at the mouth of the Licking, a place where at this season it was fordable, and in a little over two day's time they had reached Bryant's Station; no spy or scout had brought tidings of the coming storm, and when the morning light dawned on the 16th of August, as the men in the fort were about to emerge from the gates for the purpose of succoring Hoy's Station, the crack of Indian rifles spoke to tell them that they themselves were besieged.

Before the smoke of the first discharge had ascended so as to clear the scene for conflict, two gallant and courageous men had broken through the Indian cordon and, with the swiftness of the wind, carried the story to Lexington that Bryant's Station was in peril.

Colonel John Todd, the county commandant, was in Lincoln County, but Major Levi Todd, his brother, instantly dispatched messengers to all the stations west of Lexington, and called upon the men of Lincoln to come quickly to the rescue of the beleaguered fort. By the night of the 16th the hard riding pioneers had carried the news to Harrodsburg, and a little later to St. Asaph's or Stanford, and when the sun arose on the morning of the 17th the men of Lincoln, under Trigg, Harlan, McBride, and the Bulgers, were well under way toward Lexington in response to the call of their comrades, and when, on Saturday night, the gates at Bryant's Station were closed one hundred and thirty-five of the bravest and most gallant of the men of Lincoln were within its walls ready for consultation and to set out for the punishment of the invaders. With the haste of a rapid courier John Todd had hurried from Lincoln to his own county, and was there now, ready for action as well as for counsel with those who had come to help his people in their dire distress.

One hundred and thirty-five men from Lincoln and forty-seven from Fayette had now assembled. Fully one third of them were officers who in many a combat and on many an expedition had shown their skill and their courage. In those days, cowards did not come to Kentucky. Men who faced the dangers and difficulties of pioneer life were not only heroic, but they were fearless, and of all the band assembled there that night there was not a single officer or soldier whom death could alarm, or who was not ready to face an Indian foe on any call.

White men then in Kentucky were brothers; the peril of one was the peril of all, and none hesitated to rush to the defense of any station or cabin where the savage foe had come; and the camp-fires which Caldwell and his Indians had left kindled had not died out ere the chivalry and comradeship of the pioneers had brought them to the spot where danger and peril were thick on every hand.

The situation was one which called not only for courage but for sagacious counsel. This Saturday night, sultry and warm, and rendered even more so by the wooden inclosure surrounding this little army, was spent in large part in the preparation and consultation for the morrow's work.

A council of war was called, and by the lamps supplied with bear's grease, in the cabins and fort, these

soldiers and these officers gathered for the purpose of determining that which was the wisest and best under all circumstances.

The women and children joined in the excitement of the hour, and long after darkness brooded over the fort they mingled with the new comers and told them of the incidents, dangers, and triumphs of the siege. The day and night of this beleaguerment had made heroes of even the tots who clung to their mothers' hands, and the story of the courage and daring of all who had battled within the wooden station was rehearsed with sympathetic hearts and to appreciative ears. The night had well advanced before any had sought repose on the rude beds of the pioneer cabins, or rested themselves within the open square bounded by the palisades.

John Todd, Stephen Trigg, and Daniel Boone were the ranking officers, and around and about them stood men who had spent a full share of their lives in this wilderness, encompassed by the dangers which Indian warfare everywhere introduced, and with an experience which not only rendered them courageous and self-reliant but conscious of superiority as warriors and men.

What a picture for a painter was presented that night! The oldest and best versed of all in Indian warfare was Daniel Boone, who was then about fifty years of

age.* Thirteen of these years he had hunted and fought in Kentucky. Twice captured by the Indians, thoroughly educated to all their methods and wiles; even then, his record for skill and daring was unequaled by any man in all this country, where every man was skilled and daring. He had already given a brother and a son to die for Kentucky's freedom, and he came with another son in his company, and was ready to go where danger was greatest and foes were thickest.

Loved and respected by all, and chief in command, was John Todd, who, though only thirty years old, had already made a profound impression upon all men with whom he had come in contact. He had been in the great struggle at Point Pleasant in 1774, and endured its baptism of blood; he had ridden beside General Andrew Lewis as his Adjutant General in the Scioto campaign; he had been a member of Henderson's Legislature at Boonesborough in

* The date of Boone's birth is stated so differently that it is impossible to give his exact age. Collins says he was born in 1731; Flint, 1746; American Biography, 1735; Marshall, 1746. John M. Pick, who visited Boone and gathered biographic facts from his own lips, in his life of him, in the thirteenth volume of the Spark's Series, gives his birth in February, 1735. In the genealogical chart of the Boone family, made out by James Boone, the birth of Daniel is given July 14, 1732. Boone himself, while dictating to John Filson, his first biographer, the events of his life, does not seem to have thought the date of his birth of sufficient importance to be recorded, and hence it does not appear in Filson's History of Kentucky in 1784.

1775; he had been one of the men who had risked their lives to go after powder in 1776; he had explored South-western Kentucky as far as Bowling Green in 1775; he had been one of the judges at the first court of quarter sessions in Kentucky in 1775; he had been elected to the House of Burgesses in 1777 and 1780 and 1782; he had been with George Rogers Clark at Kaskaskia and Vincennes in 1778 and 1779; he had been valiant and true and brave in all these years of campaigning, of fighting, of danger, of surveying, and of legislating. He was the most brilliant and best educated man in that distinguished assemblage, and, aside from rank, its recognized leader.

Beside Todd was Stephen Trigg. Only three years before he had come to Kentucky as a member of the Court of Land Commissioners, but when he came he left all behind him; he made Kentucky his home, and he was ready now to give up his life for its defense. With a high degree of intelligence, with a splendid physique, and with a chivalrous bravery, he had become noted for his activity as an Indian fighter, and was now Lieutenant-Colonel of Lincoln County. He had been one of the trustees who laid off Louisville, and had also been elected a member of the House of Burgesses as a representative from Kentucky County. He had been a Justice of Lincoln County; he was a member of a court organized in Har-

rodsburg in 1781, and no man commanded more of the confidence and admiration of these hardy pioneers than Stephen Trigg.

Close by him stood Silas Harlan. He had emigrated to Kentucky eight years before, and none had been more active in war. He had commanded a company of spies with Clark in the Illinois campaign in 1779. Six feet two inches in height, of magnificent bearing, Clark had said of him that he was one of the bravest and best soldiers that ever fought by his side. In 1778 he had built a stockade on Salt River, seven miles from Harrodsburg; he was one of the men who went with James Harrod for the five hundred pounds of powder which had been brought down the Ohio River for the succor of the pioneers. They started out on the 7th of January, 1777, passing by Georgetown and Blue Licks, and they had been successful in their efforts to transport this most important of all supplies into the Kentucky forts. He had signed the protest of the pioneers against Henderson and Company to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1775. He came to Kentucky with James Harrod in 1774, and in courage and in experience he had no superior.

Then close by him was Major Levi Todd. While less brilliant and not so well educated as his brother John, he was yet a real soldier. He had settled a station in

Jessamine County, not far from Nicholasville, in 1779, and had moved in 1780 to Lexington for safety. He had been captain of the company from Lexington and Bryant's Station in Bowman's expedition in 1779; he had been clerk of the court of sessions at Harrodsburg in 1777, and sheriff of the county. In the absence of his brother he had hurried the messenger forward with tidings of the assault on Bryant's Station. It was his inspiration and noble example that had nerved the seventeen horsemen to break through the Indian lines and enter the fort during the afternoon of the 16th. He himself was on foot, and had been driven back to Lexington, but now he was at Bryant's again to endure all and bear all that awaited his fellow-countymen and their allies.

McGary and the Bulgers and McBride were there too. They had seen nearly all that was to be seen of the battles in and about Kentucky, and though less known to history they were not wanting in that same high courage which marked the other leaders.

The year 1782 may be justly styled in Kentucky "The Black Letter Year." Only seven years had elapsed since the permanent settlement of the Commonwealth, reckoning permanent settlement from the time when women and children came into its borders, showing that the men who brought them had determined to establish

here their domestic shrines. It was hardly two years since the territory had been divided into three counties.

Already the influx of white men into these hunting grounds had alarmed the braver and more enterprising Indians of the Northwest, comprising now Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, and Wisconsin. The Southern Indians, less warlike, in their trading with Henderson had received a golden anodyne, and these looked with but little concern on the peopling of Kentucky with the pale-faced race.

Twenty-two months before Ruddle's and Martin's stations had surrendered to Colonel Bird and his Canadian and Indian army, backed by two pieces of artillery, and Fayette was now to bear the brunt of other Indian invasions. Before the leaves had budded on the trees in 1782 the news of Estill's defeat had sent a gloom and despondency through the souls of all the pioneers, and scarcely had the horrors of this event passed from the minds and hearts of the settlers when Captain Holder's misfortune, in his defeat at the Upper Blue Licks, prepared the public mind for another chapter of woes, and these were to be the forerunners of the most horrible of all that had come into the lives of the struggling settlers.

In the months preceding 1782 a new enemy had come to make incursions into Kentucky, and the name of these

Indian warriors soon became a by-word and terror to its inhabitants.*

The Wyandot Indians were oftenest discovered making assaults on the Kentucky cabins and forts, and by their courage and cunning and skill and their cruelty they made the terrors of wilderness life more disquieting than ever before.

These Wyandots were a part of the Indians composing the Western Confederacy; they had been known as a fragment of the Six Nations. They had fought the Mohawks in earlier days, and a century and a half before they had lost their prestige temporarily in a great battle fought in canoes on Lake Erie, near Long Point, and had been compelled to move further west. But before the close of the Revolution they had forged their way back eastwardly and had repossessed themselves of their old lands on the Sandusky River. The vicissitudes of one hundred and fifty years of war had thinned their ranks, but had increased and perfected their valor. They had

*HALDIMAND PAPERS.—The future historian of this period must draw much of his material from the Canadian archives. The Haldimand collection is invaluable to him who deals with the story of the conflicts in the country west of the Ohio.

Sir Frederick Haldimand was a British Lieutenant General. He was born in Neuchâtel, Switzerland, in 1718, and died in 1791. He joined the British army in 1754. In 1777 he was made a Lieutenant General, and in 1778 succeeded Sir Guy Carleton as Governor of Canada. He held this office until 1784. He was a severe and arbitrary man. His nephew,

been chosen as the chief nation among the members of the Western Confederacy, as the tribe worthy to have the most distinguished of all honors, the possession of the great calumet, the emblem of the co-operation and the pledge of the confederacy. They had this to commend their past prowess and guarantee their future gallantry, and they had demonstrated that this honor was worthily bestowed.

It was the men of this tribe who most loudly called for war on the white settlers of Kentucky, and doubtless in the minds of their ablest leaders the dream had been nourished that if the white men could be driven from Kentucky that land would become the possession and the home of the warlike Wyandots, who for so many hundred moons had found no abiding place, and whose wanderings and vicissitudes should at last find a solace and rest in that land of buffalo, cane thicket, and salt springs, which, in obedience to the call of the Great Spirit, produced all that savage life and savage desire could suggest.

or grand nephew, William, bequeathed General Haldimand's Papers to the British Museum. They cover two hundred and thirty-two volumes of manuscript. The papers included in the years from 1778 to 1784 are peculiarly valuable to the Kentucky reader. These papers have been copied for the Canadian archives, and their contents throw much light on the transactions with the British and Indians. It was General Haldimand who permitted and approved the use of the Western and Southern Indians against the settlers in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky, and first gave British official sanction to their savage atrocities.

Earnest discussion, calm deliberation, thoughtful counsel consumed a large share of that eventful Saturday night, and the small hours of the morning were upon these sturdy warriors before they found opportunity to seek repose for the labors and trials of the morning. The great and all-absorbing question was, should these men now assembled await the coming of Colonel Logan before pursuing the enemy.

All understood that the commandant in Lincoln County had heard the news of the Indian invasion, that messengers were dispatched to every station, calling upon the militia to hasten to St. Asaph's and prepare to march to the relief of their friends in Fayette. It could not be more than a day, they said, until he would come, and with these reinforcements they would be able to cope with any enemy who might invade Kentucky.

Up to this time there had been no very accurate knowledge of the number of men engaged in this incursion. There were supposed to be anywhere from four hundred and fifty to six hundred, but the men who assembled at Bryant's Station that night never calculated danger and never feared Indians, it mattered not how great the disparity in numbers.*

* The Kentucky historians in their statements of participants in the battle put the number of whites and Indians at from four hundred to six hundred and fifty. That they outnumbered the whites even the British commanders

Some historians have ascribed base motives to Colonels John Todd and Stephen Trigg in arriving at the conclusion to march the following morning in pursuit of the fleeing savages, and charged the fear of Logan's ranking them and thus securing the glory of a victory when the battle should be fought as the reason for haste. No greater injustice was ever done to the memory of brave men. Logan did not outrank Todd. They marched because they were confident they were able to cope with the enemy, notwithstanding his superiority in numbers. They believed that the welfare of the settlements and the future maintenance of the white men in Kentucky depended on prompt and effective punishment of the Indians who had assaulted Bryant's Station; and these patriotic and statesmanlike views brought them to the determination that the best and wisest thing to do was to make a vigorous pursuit at once.

in their reports admitted. Caldwell says he crossed the Ohio with three hundred Indians, and that one hundred of them left him the day before the battle. He says nothing of the white troops he had with him. These have always been estimated at sixty. Caldwell exaggerates the number of Kentucky slain, placing it at one hundred and forty-six, and his own loss seven killed and ten wounded. If he thus mistakes the killed it is not unreasonable to believe that he also underestimates the number of his troop. Weighing all the conflicting statements, I put his force at about three hundred—nearly double the number of Kentuckians engaged.

McKee says that the British and Indians were not much superior to the whites in number. He gives the white force at two hundred. He also states that there were upwards of one hundred and fifty Kentucky whites killed.

In these the darkest days of Kentucky history, here and there cropped out the jealousies and bickerings which are sure to arise in all human relations.*

The promotion of General George Rogers Clark to the position of Brigadier-General in the Continental Army, thus making him the ranking officer in Kentucky, and his efforts to build up Louisville and the Jefferson County forts and strengthen the Ohio River defenses, and the drafting of the militia of Fayette and Lincoln to do a part of the work on the Ohio, had caused Logan, Boone, Trigg, and others to feel that too much was being done for Jefferson, and that much of this was at the expense of the safety of the forts in Fayette and Lincoln.†

The great military mind which foresaw the benefits of breaking British power in the West, and that planned the Vincennes Campaign and the capture of Lieutenant-Governor Hamilton, and that constantly urged the capture of Detroit, looked deeper into military problems than the militia commanders of Lincoln and Fayette, and with his masterful genius for war decided that the safety of Lincoln, Fayette, and all Kentucky lay in so arranging as to prevent the passage of the Ohio, or in case the passage was made, by a system of scouting to discover the enemy's

* See Appendix A.

† See Appendix B.

intentions and route and give timely warning to all large stations so as to make vigorous and safe defenses.*

In carrying out this, the true and only sure means of defense, General Clark had come into contact with the methods and views of the Central Kentucky leaders, and already mutterings of dissent and dissatisfaction had begun to cross the mountains and to knock at official doors in Virginia, and when the story of Blue Licks was told, it bore along with its harrowing details a full share of complaint and criticism of General Clark.†

The militia of Jefferson could not come to the succor of Lincoln and Fayette, and it was not unnatural that the men of these two counties when drafted and forced to go to the Ohio River's defense, as had been done for two summers past, felt that they were bearing unjust burdens and were forced to do double work for the common defense.

Daniel Boone wrote: "I trust about five hundred men sent to our assistance immediately, and them to be stationed as our County Lieutenant shall see most necessary, may be the saving of this our part of the country; but if you put them under the direction of General Clark they will be little or no service to our settlement, as he lies one hundred miles west of us and the Indians northeast, and our men are often called to the falls to guard them."‡

* See Appendix C.

† See Appendix D.

‡ See Appendix E.

On this Saturday night, twenty miles away, at the old site of Ruddle's Station in Bourbon County, a far different scene was enacted. Here Caldwell and his Canadian Rangers, with McKee and his Indians by Hinkston Creek, had gone into camp.

The failure to take Bryant's Station, the loss of the men, and the distress of the wounded they were bearing to their own country, filled all hearts with a sense of humiliation. They camped at a spot full of great memories to some of the company. Alexander McKee and Simon Girty had been present two years ago when brave Isaac Ruddle had been forced by Bird's artillery to surrender, and the spot could but awaken a recollection of that dreadful day, when McKee's and Bird's promises to give British protection were so ruthlessly and cruelly broken, and when the Indian thirst for blood had shattered Bird's pledges, and in his very presence the helpless women, children, and wounded had been slain before the eyes of British officers—men who wore the uniform of the most enlightened nation of the world. As the highest expression of studied cruelty, they had brought with them Nicholas Hart and other prisoners taken at this station, and as they slept amid the wreck and ruins of this once strong fort and loved home, or lay bound by the side of Indians, guarded by a watchful sentinel to prevent even the possi-

bility of escape, they must have had emotions that the human soul can with difficulty even attempt to fathom.

A wierd scene passed before their vision, as at night-fall the savage army prepared for its rest. The march of a score of miles since the morning, encumbered with plunder and burdened with the wounded, had fitted all for soundest repose. Meat brought from the slaughtered cattle at Bryant's was broiled, corn taken from its wasted fields was cooked, and the wearied and disappointed savages, after stationing double lines of pickets, laid themselves down to rest.

The four white leaders were not so soon to sleep—a curious quartette that now gathered to discuss the future of the campaign, and to map out the plan for the morrow's march.

The commander of all was Major William Caldwell. Born in Ireland, he had drifted to America before the Revolution and made his home in Pennsylvania. He had refused to espouse the cause of the Colonies, and became a refugee loyalist.

He went to Detroit, united his fortunes with England, and enlisted in Butler's Rangers, an organization composed in part of Canadians, but mostly of refugees like himself. He had fought with his Rangers against Colonel Crawford, and received a severe wound, but, recovering,

he had organized the forces gathered for the attack on Wheeling, in August, 1782, and, to revive the disappointed hopes of the great Indian army of eleven hundred braves, had undertaken this raid into Kentucky and the siege of Bryant's Station. He hated the American people because they were rebels, and he used his savage allies as a part and parcel of the means required in the war to restore English supremacy over the American Colonies.

By his side sat Alexander McKee, whose hatred of the men of Kentucky was intensified by his treachery and broken parole at Pittsburgh, and quickened by the recollection of the confiscation of two thousand acres of land in 1780, which land had been surveyed for him on the Elkhorn in 1774.

He was a born Pennsylvanian; had been a Justice of the Peace for Westmoreland County in that State in 1771 and 1773; he had kept up a traitorous correspondence with the British, and finally, on March the 28th, 1778, escaped with Matthew Elliott, Simon Girty, and others, to the Indian tribes, and then made his way to General Hamilton at Detroit, where he had been rewarded with a captain's commission, and had been assigned to the work of inciting the savage tribes to make war on the American settlements in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Kentucky. He was cruel, but he was brave. He had been in charge

of the Indians at the capture of Ruddle's and Martin's stations. His soul was black with the recollections of his broken faith to those who trusted him in their hopeless helplessness on the day of that surrender. Now and then a gleam of mercy broke through and over his soul. Here and there he had helped a captive boy or girl, yet he had urged his savages to repeated raids and massacres. He had been at Floyd's disaster in September of the previous year, had fought with his red allies against Crawford three months before at Sandusky, and now had command of the Indians on this incursion into Kentucky.

With these was Matthew Elliott, possibly a little less brutal but none the less brave or enterprising than his two companions in his efforts to murder the white men against whom his British masters ordered him to hurl his savage corps. Ireland mothered him, but he emigrated to Pennsylvania and removed to Fort Pitt as an Indian-trader before 1774. He was captured in 1776 by some Wyandot Indians in Ohio, and carried a prisoner to Detroit, but he had been released and returned with dispatches to Alexander McKee in 1778. He escaped from Pittsburgh with McKee and Girty, and from that hour became an implacable foe of the white men.

His voice with the Indians (over whom his influence extended) was only second to that of McKee, was always

for slaughter and rapine. He devoted his life to persuading the savages to make war on his race. He betrayed no trust in his escape to the wilderness when he took up his abode among his brutal allies. Here and there a merciful act cropped out of his long line of destruction. He never hunted the rear in any engagement. He led his red men in battle, and always kept well up to the front in every conflict, and it was only at the Battle of the Fallen Timber, with Wayne, in 1794, twelve years later, that he ever failed to lead where he called upon his Indian troops to go.

Sullen and thoughtful, but not apart, sat another man whose history has run a full course in human infamy. He was then just forty-one years of age, about five feet nine inches in height, with black hair, deep, piercing eyes, short neck, heavy frame, with round, full face, and with a great, deep, hideous scar across his forehead, made there by Brant's sword a year before, but with a frame muscular, strong, and agile, a deep chest which betokened great strength and endurance, and with a countenance which said, "I know not fear nor shame." A curious life this man had led. He had been born in 1741, in Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna, near where Harrisburg now stands. His father had been killed by Indians, and he himself had been captured by the Senecas at fifteen years

of age, and at this early period of life he had witnessed the torture at the stake of his step-father by his captors, and he had lived among them until he was twenty-one years of age. He had been a scout and spy for Lord Dunmore. He had been a lieutenant in the American Army, and his company had fought the British in 1777, at Charleston, in the assault on Fort Sullivan. He had been an Indian-trader and interpreter at Fort Pitt for years, and had, at last, under the influence of his present *vis-a-vis*, McKee, deserted the American cause and fled with him to the Indians in March, 1778. He had led numerous marauds into Kentucky, Virginia, and Pennsylvania. He had given Kenton (an old friend), then a captive prepared for the stake, his life in 1778. In 1779 he learned that a price was on his head, and this turned his heart to hate. He could neither read nor write, but he was shrewd, strong, and brave. He had seen and acquiesced in the cruel massacre of Ruddle's and Martin's stations; he had witnessed the tortures of Colonel William Crawford, and had refused to give him help or give him death, and day in and day out for four years past he had guided his savage confederates to the white man's abode, and with profoundest satisfaction witnessed the murder of women and children and the torture of men of his own color with a complacency which must have pleased

even the devils in hell. He had probably made the traditional speech put in his mouth by white men at Chilli-cothe, urging an invasion of Kentucky. He had insisted on this incursion into the State, had attempted to persuade the people at Bryant's Station to trust the mercy of himself and associates, and now his soul was filled with chagrin and distress at the unsuccessful termination of the maraud. This man was Simon Girty, and to him and his three superior officers came now the discussion of the succeeding work of the army of savages who now lay about the cleared space of Ruddle's Station in deepest sleep. Even his cruel soul did not catch a whispering from Fate of the great and complete revenge which would fill his heart and life before two suns again should set. He had no command. England never honored him with a military office. He was the counsellor and guide of the Wyandot warriors who comprised more than a majority of the Indians now in the detachment, and he inspired their savage action and instigated their most cruel deeds, and on the march and in the camp his soul was busy with schemes for murder and revenge.*

*The hate of border white people for Simon Girty gave him a prominence in the history of the Indian wars which was undeserved. Brown, Ranck, McClung, Collins, Marshall, and others have made him a greater reputation than he was entitled to. He was never any thing but an interpreter. Two years before this battle he had gone to live among the

When the sun was well up on Sunday morning the Kentucky soldiers were formed in line. They were all mounted. Accounts differ somewhat as to the numbers. Colonel Robert Patterson said one hundred and forty-four; Steele says one hundred and eighty-two; Boone, one hundred and eighty-one, and Logan, one hundred and eighty.

A motley band in many respects was that little army of whites as on that August Sabbath morning it emerged from Bryant's Station, in linsey or buckskin hunting-shirts, buckskin moccasins, buckskin breeches, and coonskin caps. The mounts all differed in color and size; most generally their horses were fourteen and a half or fifteen hands high, pony built, and each man carried his provisions in his haversack or saddle pocket, and every man carried his trusty rifle, his knife, tomahawk, and his patchen pouch

Wyandots by order of the British officers, but he held no commission, like McKee and Elliott, and it was years after the affair at Blue Lick before he acquired any great influence with the Indians.

McKee and Elliott commanded all the Indians on this raid. Simon Girty and his brother George were both along more to interpret and to encourage the Indians than to command them. Simon Girty acquiesced in torture at the stake, and there was no cruelty his word and example would not encourage, but he was ignorant and besotted, and never had either the genius for or the opportunity of command, and the speech at Old Chillicothe against the Long Knives claimed to have been made when this incursion set out is in large measure the creation of the brilliant imagination of early writers of pioneer history. (See Butterfield's History of the Girtys, Robert Clarke & Company, 1893. Pages 193-4, 198, 200, 205, and 208.)

and powder-horn, with a full supply of powder and bullets, with here and there a stray gun flint wrapped in a rag or in tow, so as to be fully prepared for any emergency.

The scenes of desolation around the fort were enough to inspire the keenest desire for revenge. Three hundred dead cattle, one hundred and fifty hogs, many sheep, flax, hemp, potatoes, vegetables of all kinds pulled up, a large one-hundred-acre corn-field nearly all cut down, and on every side the touches of savage desolation warmed their hearts and nerved their arms for the coming conflict. Every man pressed more tightly his rifle and his knife, and each felt the impulse of quick and noble hope to wipe out in the red man's blood the wrongs now pictured to the mind of every soldier joining in the pursuit, and each vowed with silent oath to repay in kind the wanton and useless wreck which abounded everywhere in the fields and cabins about the station.

A few men who were not mounted, or who were not able to make the journey, or who had been told off to protect the fort, stood out in the open space in front of the fort, and these, with the women and children, with hearts full of dread and uncertainty, and yet with cheerful exclamations and tenderest affection, waved adieu to these warriors who were now going forth, as they hoped,

to punish the savages who had wrought this destruction to their homes and their property.

It was not difficult to find the road on which the departing enemy had marched. They had taken what was known as the middle buffalo trace, leading along near where Paris and Millersburg now stand to the salt springs at Blue Licks. It was easy to follow these roads which the buffalo, the pioneer engineers of the great West, had laid down as best for travel. Once having ascertained the route which the Indians pursued, the marching was rapid. Vedettes and the advance guard kept a careful lookout, while the main body pressed on behind, and toward the middle of the afternoon, near the site of Millersburg, on the banks of Hinkston Creek, the Kentucky Army came upon the place where the previous night the camp-fires of the Indians had been built. Here, to the eyes of the experienced Indian fighter, were signs that boded no good to the pursuers. In many places on the line of the trace the trees close to the road showed the marks of the Indian tomahawk. From the official reports, only within the past few years made known to the public, it was apparent that Caldwell and McKee anticipated pursuit. They knew the spirit and policy of these Kentucky settlers, and they rightly judged that as soon as the soldiers from Lincoln could rush to the help of the men of Fayette

an army would march on their trail, and in battle, and, if need be, in death, avenge the depredations of the past week.* But those who were pursued were men inured to war's worst horrors. Of late they had drunk deeply of white man's blood and glutted their souls in shameless revenge. The smoke of the fires which burned Crawford and his companions had hardly lifted its hideous pall from the earth, and the blood stains from the successful forays in Virginia and Pennsylvania were not yet washed from their garments. They had met the white man before and had vanquished him, and they were not afraid to face him again, even in equal combat if the occasion required. There were white men and red men with them who had assailed and defeated Estill and Holder, and the recollection of these victories made them careless of the pending conflict which the Kentuckians were anxious now to force.

It would have been impossible to have deceived the men who were following the trail as to what these signs meant, and they had already resolved to punish the foe; and there was no one in all the army of one hundred and eighty-two men who suggested for one single moment the idea of a change in the plans which had been prepared for forcing a battle upon the invaders.

There was something to the Kentucky pioneer dearer

* See Appendix F.

than life, and that was his own consciousness as well as his reputation for unflinching courage.

This sight of the camping-ground of the Indians quickened the marching, and a little while after sundown the pioneers rested a brief while and decided upon a plan of battle when the foe should be overtaken, which all now judged could not be many hours delayed. The enemy might be found at any moment, and the method of battle was fully explained to all. Half of the men mounted were to ride hard upon the Indians, and the other half dismounted would follow close behind and attack the savages at short range when their formation should be broken by the dash of the horsemen. All understood and all were ready to carry out the orders. After a brief rest, the command was again given to mount, and near midnight they went into camp hard by the site of the little town of Ellisville in Nicholas County.*

All the indications showed that on the morrow they would likely find those for whom they were searching, and none doubted that when the conflict came they would execute prompt vengeance upon those who had killed their comrades and wantonly wasted their property and broken in upon the quietude of their homes.

Since leaving Bryant's Station in the morning they had marched thirty-three miles, which, considering the

* See Appendix G.

character of the road and the necessity for caution, as well as crossing, was an extraordinary ride.

They were required to do no cooking. The food which had been prepared by the loving hands of the women at the fort served them for their evening meal. The horses they tied to the limbs of the trees or small saplings. Around these the men slept, while pockets well out in the woods guarded the slumbers of the wearied riflemen. Ere the rays of the rising sun had lifted their beautiful light above the horizon the camp was aroused and the march renewed.

The enemy in front of them had showed no haste in their journey to their own land. Leaving on the morning of the 17th, they had camped some twenty miles away. During the day of the 18th they had marched about eighteen miles more, and now, on the morning of the 19th, they were only three miles in advance of their pursuers, on the east side of the Licking, at the point where the Maysville and Lexington road now crosses that stream over a suspension bridge.*

The red men had not shown any disposition to run away from the fight which the white men were so anxious to bring about. They understood well the courage and impetuosity as well as the promptitude of the white men to punish invasion, and yet they did not avoid a conflict.

* See Appendix II.



The ford of the Licking, from which the Indians were first seen and where the Kentuckians crossed to engage them.

The contending armies had slept within four miles of each other—neither aware of the other's presence and neither afraid of the other.

Forming in line and riding in the narrow trace, which rarely exceeded seven or eight feet in width, two or three abreast, the pioneers soon struck a little branch, along which the trace wound its way to the bottom of the Licking River. About a mile from the ford the trace left the hillside and turned northwestwardly into this branch and followed it down to the mother stream.

At this point some consultation was held among the officers, and it was here that Boone, whose great experience and whose thorough knowledge of the country gave his opinion much weight, suggested that, instead of following this trace and going down to the river, they should follow the ridge and strike the Licking two miles above, cross at Abnee's or Bedinger's mills, and thus come down to the banks of the Licking some two and a half miles above Blue Licks, and cross the Licking into a wide valley from which, a mile eastwardly, they would gain the ridge along which the trace pursued its way into Fleming and Mason counties.

Boone, with all his woodcraft and his knowledge of Indian ways and Indian life, and with his splendid record as the best of Indian fighters and hunters, backed by the

truest courage, had never possessed the quality of impressing himself upon the men with whom he came in contact, or assuming or commanding their leadership. His advice was disregarded.*

The command "Forward!" rang through the woods and echoed along the hillsides, and down the fateful trace to the Blue Licks ford the cavalcade pursued its march. At the point where the trace strikes the Licking the valley is a quarter of a mile wide. It is two hundred feet on the western side, where the Kentucky pioneers emerged from the forest, and some eight hundred feet wide on the east side, where the foe for hours had been waiting the advance of the pursuers, whose presence by this time was thoroughly known to them.

Men like Caldwell, McKee, and Elliott, and their Indian associates, were not ignorant of who were pursuing them. Spies had been sent back along the trace to reconnoitre, and it is said that an Indian conjurer had, after inquiring of the Great Spirit, told his red brethren that in a few hours the pale faces would be at the river and engage them in battle.

Across the Licking the trace followed up the hillside of the ridge, which was rocky and barren of all trees and vegetation. For ages the buffaloes had come to these

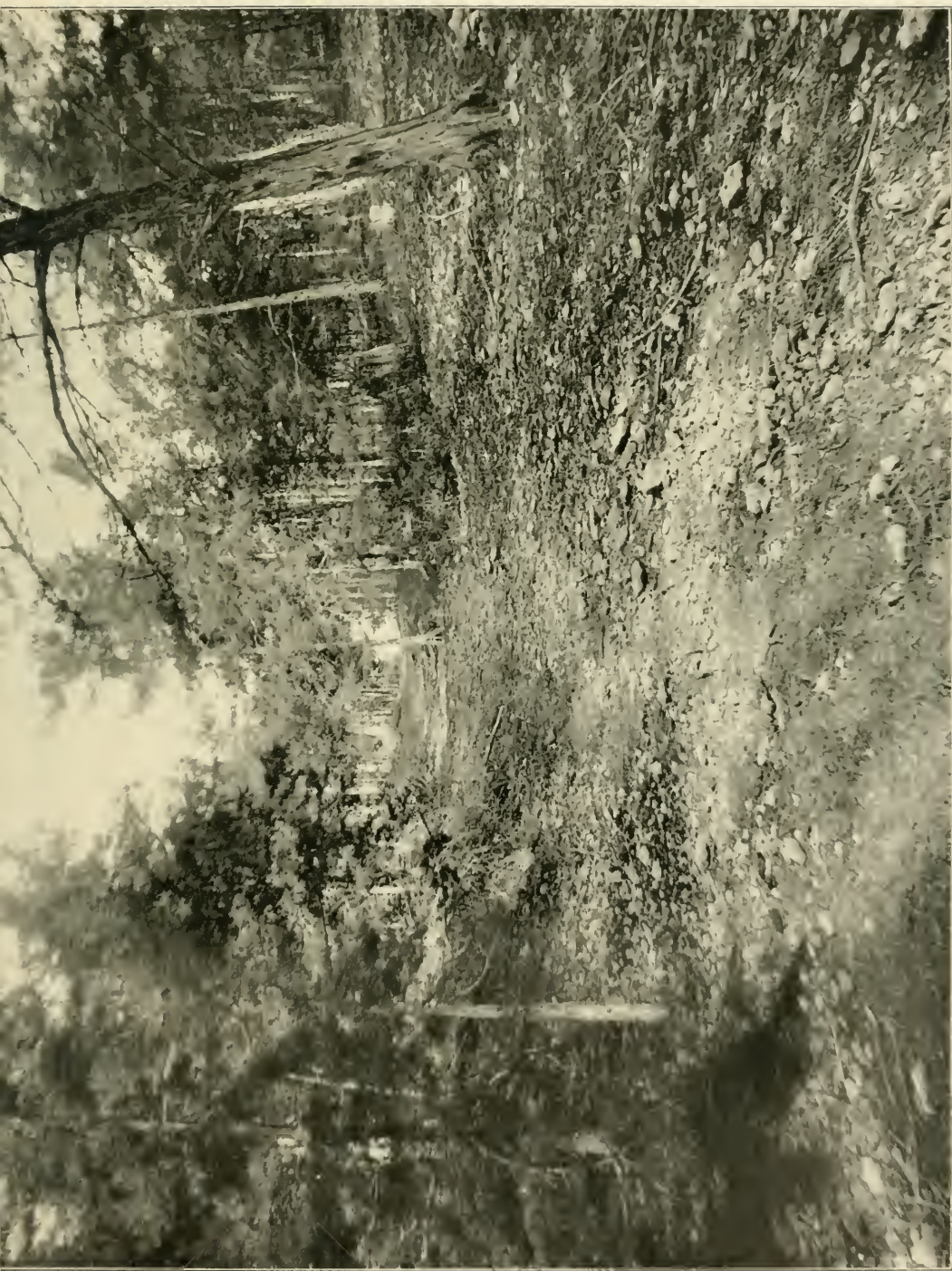
* See Appendix I.

licks to find salt. Instinct had taught them the necessity of periodical visitations to these saline springs, where nature had provided this essential for animal life, and for hundreds of years, along these narrow paths, cut out of the woods by the ceaseless trampings of these mighty herds of buffalo, had come millions of these animals to find health and life in the waters which gushed from the Licking bottom. When they had satisfied nature's call for salt, these herds would climb the adjacent hills to lie down and rest through the day and sleep through the night. On those eminences thousands of them would stand and watch the incoming buffaloes as they emerged from the trace on the western side, and, plunging into the waters of the Licking, swim across the stream and slake nature's demand for this necessary product, which here the Great Provider for all animal life had laid up in unlimited quantity.

As the advance guard of the pioneers struck the river and formed in line in the narrow bottom on the west side, they caught sight of a few Indians hurrying to and fro on the bare and rocky hill a mile beyond the stream. Twenty-four hours of marching had now received its reward. The foe for whom they had sought, and for whose presence they had longed, was close by. But the willingness of the Indians to be found, their tardiness of marching, and

their efforts to conceal their real number, so apparent to the true woodsman, had caused the wisest men of this command to hesitate about pressing the conflict, when behind them, only a single day's march, were four hundred soldiers as brave as they, and which, added to their number, would have made them a match for any Indian foe that ever crossed the Ohio River.

The Colonels and Majors were called in hasty consultation. In the presence of the enemy, renewed caution and the highest wisdom were requisite. As these experienced fighters and gallant soldiers gathered around the commanding officer, Colonel Todd, the difficulties of the situation were quickly discussed. Boone, always cautious, advised delay and suggested, even though now in the presence of the foe, that it would probably be wiser to await the coming of reinforcements before forcing a battle. He had been frequently at the Blue Licks from his earliest coming to the country. He had made salt many a time near to the very spot where they now stood. He had once been captured a little way above on the Licking. With that memory of his, so remarkable as to be able by day or by night to recognize his surroundings in the woods or to locate the meanderings of streams or the situation of mountains years after he had seen them, he told his comrades of the topography of the land just over the hillside



Buffalo trace ascending the bank of the Licking and leading along the ridge to the battle-field.

from which they had seen the Indians disappear. Along the neck of the hill the eyes of the pioneers could reach for a mile in unbroken vision ; not a single obstruction obscured their sight. When this hill was ascended, the Licking, by a tremendous swing to the north, came close to its side, and from its top down to the river bank led a ravine filled with timber and covered with thickest cane, while five hundred feet across on the other side flowed out a little stream which, passing northwestwardly, ran down into the Licking, one and a half miles below the ford where the army had just crossed. This ravine, too, was thickly wooded.

Boone suggested that at this point they were likely to be met with an ambuscade, and prudence at least suggested that spies should be sent out who should ride along the barren hillside and over to the head of the ravines to find, if possible, the location of the enemy. Two volunteers quickly came forward, and in obedience to the orders of their superior officers they spurred their horses into the river and, following along a narrow bar which formed in the stream, quickly passing over, ascended the bend on the opposite side and then up the hillside. For a mile and a quarter they rode, prospecting carefully on either side, and returned in a little while with the tidings that they had seen no foe. But the foe had seen them.

When they had returned and made their report a new council of war was called, and still it was suggested as to whether it was not part of wisdom to remain encamped on this side of the river where they now stood until Logan and his horsemen, quick and eager, on the march, should come to their help. They knew that before the sun would set Logan would be there.*

In the discussion on Saturday night at Bryant's Station, as to whether pursuit was advisable, some one unfortunately had insinuated to Major McGary, who was Major of the Lincoln militia, that it might be fear rather than wisdom which suggested the delay until Logan's coming. This sting had gone deeply into his soul. That he was a brave man, those who knew him had never questioned. He is and was a unique character in pioneer history. He had come to Kentucky from North Carolina in 1775, and had known Boone while in that State. He had brought his wife to Kentucky, and she was one of the

* Bradford in his Notes details the colloquy between Colonel Todd and Colonel Boone in the following words: "Colonel Todd addressed Colonel Boone as follows: 'Skilled in Indian warfare and familiar with the ground in the vicinity of this place, we require your opinion on the expediency of attacking the enemy in their present position.' To which Colonel Boone replied: 'I am of the opinion, and indeed fully persuaded, that the enemy exceed us in number fully three hundred; that their main body is at no great distance; and that they are lying in ambush. Their position is equal to an host should we continue our march up the river and be drawn in between the ravines they occupy. I therefore advise that we divide our gallant band,

three white women who first came to the State. He had gone with Clark as a captain to Kaskaskia and Vincennes, and in 1781 he was made major of the militia in Lincoln County. He had helped to build the block-house in Louisville; he had been a Justice of the Peace in Lincoln County, and only a little while before he had, by this same taunt of cowardice, forced some of his comrades to pursue some fleeing Indians in an attack that had been successful, when without loss they had destroyed a large part of the Indian invaders.

In the midst of these conferences, while the soldiers were standing in a circle around their leaders, McGary, always impetuous, and, as was shown by his subsequent declaration, malignant, his spirit burning still under the suggestion that lack of courage had caused his advice for delay at Bryant's Station, and, desiring to vindicate himself in the eyes of his comrades, raised his rifle above his head and spurred his horse into the river, exclaiming,

that one half march up the river on this side and cross over at Elk Creek, fall upon the upper side of the ravine, whilst the other half take a position (to co-operate with them) in another quarter. By this means the great advantage of their position will be changed effectually in our favor. But, gentlemen, whatever be your ultimate decision, I caution you against crossing the river at any rate before spies have reconnoitered the ground.'"

This conversation is couched in rather too lofty style for Colonel Boone. The use of many words betrays that the language spoken could not have been known to Boone, and that some man of more cultivation and education than he framed the speech.

"Delay is dastardly; let all who are not cowards follow me, and I will show them where the Indians are."*

From a military standpoint the proper thing to have done with McGary, under the circumstances, was to have shot him dead on the spot. His insubordination, coupled with his rashness and his attempt to assume command of the forces where he was of inferior rank, as richly deserved death as if he had with cowardice run away in the face of the enemy. Yet, in extenuation of Todd and his associates, it must not be forgotten that the men who composed this command were socially equals; one third of them were officers hastily thrown together by the exigencies of the hour and the dangers surrounding the people at the endangered station. They were all ready and willing under any circumstances to fight; they were also full of self-confidence, full of spirit, and each thoroughly conscious, not only of his own courage, but of a wide experience in Indian warfare.

With a foolish pride aroused by the dread that they would be thought afraid to go where any man would lead, a considerable number of the pioneers rushed their horses into the river to follow the reckless and disorderly Major, who was now leading the entire force.

In less than a hundred seconds the remainder had made their choice. They yielded their judgment to a

* See Appendix J.



Place where the Battle of the Blue Licks began by the Indians firing upon the advance guard.

foolish taunt, and they plunged into the river, pressing after those who had gone before under the lead of McGary.*

The horsemen quickly caught the inspiration and enthusiasm which come to those who enter battle. In a disorganized mass, each striving to find a place alongside the impetuous McGary, they rode across the narrow bottom for a few hundred feet, and then striking the buffalo trace, which led up the hill a little north of the ford, followed it in a northeastwardly direction. Recklessly, courageously, and yet tumultuously hurrying forward, they soon reached the top of the ridge, and then descending for a quarter of a mile they came in sight of the two heavily timbered ravines which, starting a few feet apart on the very top of the ridge, run down north and south to empty their waters in the Licking four miles apart.

When they had reached the slight depression in the ridge, through which in later years the Sardis turnpike has been built, they received a few shots from the enemy posted in the timber and underbrush two hundred and fifty feet away.

Through the exertions of the officers some sort of order had been formed out of the military chaos which existed in the little army which had forded the Licking

* See Appendix K.

but fifteen minutes before. Boone was thrown to the left and given command. The backbone of the ridge along which the fight was to occur was about four hundred and fifty feet in width. Trigg was ordered to the right, and his route was close to the edge of the ravine which comes up from the bank of the Licking and reaches the top of the hill close to the point where the Sardis turnpike leaves the Lexington and Maysville road. Todd commanded the center. An advance guard of twenty-five men was ordered forward. These were all Lincoln County men, and they were under the command of Major Silas Harlan, Major Hugh McGary, and Captain William McBride.

Preferring to fight on foot, a majority of those who were not officers now dismounted. It was at once apparent that the enemy in full force was at hand, and that a conflict was immediate and inevitable.

The various positions had not been taken by all the troops before the fire from the Indian rifles quickened, and in less than half a minute a tremendous volley was poured into the advance guard, all but three of whom fell at this first round.

Colonel John Todd, mounted upon his white horse, hurried the center to the support of the advance guard. They had not reached the spot where Harlan and his comrades had fallen before they were made a target for two hun-

dred rifles. Out in the open, with no protection, the mortality was tremendous, and the crash of this volley had not died, nor the smoke lifted from the surface, when from the ravines on the left and on the right rushed the savage foe.

Protected by the trees and the underbrush, those who had fired had taken deliberate aim, and almost every shot told. Within less than three minutes about forty pioneers lay weltering in their blood.

Outgeneraled, and led by a wily foe into a trap of death, they were not the men to run away under any fire, and they quickly opened upon the advancing and the concealed foes.

The right wing was pushed back by a tremendous onslaught. The Indian line had been extended so as to outflank Trigg and his men, and they yielded to the pressure and recoiled on the left where Boone had made an impression on the Indian right and had driven in their advance line. But when the right, by the overlapping of the Indian left, was pushed toward Boone's rear, then the left wing became unsteady. At this moment it received a galling fire from the enemy, large numbers of whom were soon running back toward the rear of the whites and closing in upon them like a wall of fire. Todd, Trigg, Harlan, Bulger, McBride, and Gordon were dead. One

fourth of the Kentuckians had fallen never to rise again, and more than a dozen were already wounded.

It was not often that the men who composed this command had turned their backs to the foe, but it was obvious to the most casual observer that no courage could avail against the men who had made this mad assault, and the merest military tyro could understand that the only chance for safety lay in flight. To remain was madness; to flee gave some slight hope of escape.

The pioneer soldiers had not been trained to fight as organized bodies. Each man had hitherto fought on his own hook, selecting his own tree, and using, in large measure, his own judgment about when it was best to stand together or flee, and no sooner was it thoroughly apprehended that the Indians were rushing to the rear and from both ravines were encircling the whites, than each man by common consent began to look out for himself, and at once the retreat began and immediately became a rout. A few had not dismounted; they rode hard for the ford; only a portion were able to mount the horses toward which they were now running, a few hundred feet in the rear, while nearly half of those who were fleeing were pursued so closely that they had no time even to attempt to mount, but on foot they made their way as rapidly as possible to the ford. Their guns had been emptied

at the first fire; the whole action had not lasted much over five minutes; there had been no time to reload, nor did the enemy intend to give them opportunity for any such purpose, but rushed out with tomahawk and scalping-knife, and forced a hand-to-hand encounter.

A new type of Indian had now come to face the pioneers, and he had inaugurated a different and more savage style of war. This was shown at Estill's defeat, at Holder's fight, and at Blue Licks. It required men of the noblest courage to throw away a rifle and rely on a tomahawk and scalping-knife, but these red men who were now fighting the Kentucky settlers were men of magnificent physique, and behind this had as nerry hearts as ever entered a human frame. They reckoned death of little consequence, and they had trained themselves to abandon trees after the first fire and to rush out to meet the foe face to face and end the conflict by personal encounter with tomahawks. They deemed this the quickest and the surest way to end a struggle. It was a new sort of experience to the pioneer; he had not then quite adapted himself or accustomed himself to it. The wandering Wyandot, who had been roaming westwardly and now eastwardly for so many years, had schooled himself to this kind of battle, and he had learned that it was less dangerous than to stand behind trees and watch

for an opportunity to shoot a foe who was hidden like himself.*

The white man, quick to learn, soon prepared himself to meet this new phase of war. The use of the tomahawk he could not acquire so as to be on equal terms with the Indian, but the pale-face brought the bayonet to his help and gave its cold steel as a match for the hatchet, and in the future wars the wrongs of Estill and Blue Licks were amply atoned for with the blade now fitted over the muzzle of the rifle.

The unprotected ridge along which the Kentuckians advanced at the battle-ground was four hundred and fifty feet wide. Colonel Todd and his associate commanders had no reserve line. The twenty-five men in the advance guard led by Harlan, McGary, and McBride were scarcely two hundred feet in front of the center. Taking these from the white force, every man of which was engaged, it left less than one hundred and fifty men in the line of

*Colonel Arthur Campbell, in writing to Colonel William Davies, October 3, 1782 (see Volume 3, Calendar of Virginia State Papers, page 337), says: "The method of arming and arraying our militia ought to be varied. The bayonet and scymeter must be introduced to enable us now to face the Indians."

Colonel William Christian, in writing to Governor Harrison from Montgomery County, Virginia, on September 28, 1782 (see Volume 3, Calendar of Virginia State Papers, page 331), says: "Even musket men with bayonets would be of more use than is generally thought, as the Indians of late depend more upon the use of their tomahawks and spears than their fire."

battle. The left wing had thrown out a couple of spies as a skirmish line, but they quickly fell back to Boone's line of battle. This thin line, composed of horsemen and footmen combined, was one third already dead or wounded.

It had been forced in on either side and stood on the ridge helpless, as the Indians on the north and south fired into the fleeing mass now deprived of its leaders and fully realizing that impetuous courage had brought them to almost inevitable disaster.

No discipline could be maintained. A compact body only drew a more galling fire, and organized resistance meant a more certain destruction and increased mortality. A minute's delay would insure the closing of the circle from which escape would be impossible, and which, once effected, would put all the whites within an impassable wall composed of brave savage Indians who would shoot or tomahawk the entire number as quickly as blade and bullet could dispatch them.

To succor the wounded only meant surer death. To remain together was to invite a more deliberate and certain fire; to hesitate meant instantaneous destruction. No order was necessary. No command was required. Officers and men quickly and clearly perceived that separate flight, each for himself, and the crossing of the river, to plunge into the trackless forests on the opposite shore

of the Licking, was the only course which offered the slightest possibility of safety. War has horrors no courage or gallantry can avoid. To leave the dead and wounded kindred on the field, to flee away from comrades in a race for life was full of terror for brave men. But battle frequently knows no sentiment, and often hushes and destroys every emotion, and so brother and friend on the ridge parted, each guided by the highest of all instincts, self-preservation, to do that which was best, each for himself. In an instant all by common consent began immediate and swiftest flight.

They had passed over the river a few minutes before one hundred and eighty two strong, full of courage and battle's enthusiasm. They returned now, leaving a large portion of the men and all their leaders but one dead, and the whole force a band of fugitives only bent on seeking escape. They had suffered a fearful and tremendous mortality. Forty-one per cent were killed, wounded, and captured; of the captured four were subsequently tortured to death, and this made Kentucky's offering on this fatal day seventy-one of her noblest, bravest, and most heroic sons.

Nothing could exceed the dreadfulness of the conflict on the return to the river. The horsemen rode in fierce madness, communicating their terror to their steeds;

while the despairing footmen, wearied by their long run under the burning rays of the August sun, with overpowering fear rushed down the hill in their wild race for life, while the enemy, with delirious thirst for blood already quickened by the fearful slaughter, struck down the fleeing white men with their tomahawks and plunged their knives into their backs, and, sometimes tripping them to a fall, drove the blades into their palpitating hearts. The terror was only that which was born of the hopelessness of the situation, and the fright only the fear which came from pursuing the only line of escape.*

When the Kentuckians began the retreat it was the first impulse to reach and mount their horses; pursuit, however, became so warm that many abandoned this best chance for flight, for the Indians ran in among them as they endeavored to spring into the saddle, and a number were killed as they attempted to rise on their steeds.

The deserted horses were taken by the Indians, and on these they rode among the fleeing white men, cutting them down with their tomahawks, or waited to slay them as they ran down the hillside. Others of the Indians rode directly to the river above and below the ford, and then watched for the coming of the doomed fugitives, while still others yet, driving harder, crossed the stream and fol-

* See Appendix L.

lowed the fleeing pioneers through the forest or hunted them from their hiding places in the thickets.

Boone, deserted by his soldiers, ran forward to find his son mortally wounded. He had only time to lift him upon his back, rush with him into the forest skirting the ravine along which he had fought, and then, bearing him a little way from the scene of the conflict, swam with him across the river and hid him in a cave on the west bank, hoping that by this act of paternal devotion to save his child from impending death. But affection could not stay the crimson tide or stop the flow of his life blood, and beholding the death-damp on his brow, accompanied with the pallor which presages approaching dissolution, his instinct of safety forced him to leave him to die alone. He had done all that love could do to save his son, and without companionship, his soul bowed down with deepest sorrow, he fled into the forest.

Into the river, speeding across the narrow bottom, dashed horsemen and footmen side by side, while down to the very banks the Indians, now rendered more daring by the unopposed pursuit, followed the white men to the brink of the water, tomahawking them and scalping them in the presence of their comrades, or shooting them down as they waded or swam the stream.

In this moment of despair and terror and woe two

real heroes appeared on the scene. Such men always come at the call of great occasions. Providence, having hitherto hidden its power, responds to the demands of the hour, and men, before obscure and unrecognized, in a moment and without warning rise to the supremest heights and then and there by a single act of courage or heroism win imperishable fame and undying renown.

Three days before, when Simon Girty had made his speech to the beleaguered people of Bryant's Station, demanding a surrender, Aaron Reynolds climbed upon the ramparts to answer his proposition.

Reynolds had not been selected as the orator to answer Girty, but having an abundance of self-confidence, and desiring to exploit himself in the presence of his neighbors and friends, in response to Girty's inquiry if the garrison knew him, said that he (Girty) was very well known; that he himself had a worthless dog which he had given the name of Simon Girty in consequence of his striking resemblance to the man of that name. That if Girty or the naked rascals who were with him found their way into the fort they would disdain to use their guns against them, but would drive them out with switches, a great number of which had been prepared for that purpose; and that if Girty and his band remained any longer their scalps would be found drying upon the roofs of the cabins.

Reynolds had been a member of Colonel Robert Patterson's Company, who had been drawn for service in conjunction with General Clark on the Ohio River some sixty days before. His profanity had disgusted Patterson, who promised Reynolds if he would quit cursing, on reaching the Ohio River he would give him a quart of spirits. At the end of four days Reynolds demanded the promised reward and received it, and from that day on was never heard to swear.

In the retreat Colonel Robert Patterson, who with Boone had commanded the left, was making his way to the river. With a few men around him he was falling back slowly, and attempting to hold the enemy in check so that the fugitives might gain time to cross the river. He struck the stream a hundred yards below the ford—savages behind them, the river in front.

Colonel Patterson had been severely wounded in a march to Pittsburgh to secure powder in 1776. He had been fired upon by the Indians, one of his arms broken, and a tomahawk driven into his back. He had never entirely recovered from these wounds, and the long run from the battle-field to the river, together with his size, had so told upon him as to render a continuation of his flight impossible. At that moment Aaron Reynolds rode up to Patterson's side, dismounted from his horse, lifted

Patterson into the saddle, and then threw himself into the river and swam across, a little later to be captured by Indians who had crossed below and were searching for the whites. A few moments afterward, left alone with one Indian, he knocked his guard down, ran off into the forest, continued his journey to Bryant's Station, and reached there before Patterson was able to make the trip on horseback. He told the story of what he had done for Patterson, which was discredited and was not received until Patterson himself appeared in the fort and verified his statement. He was presented with two hundred acres of ground by his grateful friend, joined the Baptist Church, and became a most exemplary and useful citizen.

The other man of the hour was Benjamin Netherland, and without question he was the true hero of Blue Licks. Robert Wickliffe, whose second wife was the only daughter of Colonel John Todd, in a political speech at Nicholasville in 1848 said that the majority of the men who escaped from this destructive conflict owed their preservation to Benjamin Netherland, and that he was a fearless man, fruitful in resources, and the impersonation of nobleness and courage. Robert Patterson, writing to Netherland in 1826, says, "I can not ever forget the part you acted in the Battle of Blue Licks." In Marshall's history it is said of him that he presented a singular phenomenon, and

that by his conduct many were saved; and Butler echoes Marshall's statement, and accords Netherland the honor of having saved many of the fugitives. McClung, in his *Western Sketches*, says, "A man by the name of Netherland, who had formerly been suspected of cowardice, here displayed a coolness and presence of mind equally noble and unexpected."

Major Benjamin Netherland was born in Powhattan County, Virginia, in 1755. His ancestors were from Holland, and came to Virginia as part of that great Protestant host which settled along the James River in the first half of the eighteenth century. His father was a tobacco planter, and he sent his son Benjamin to Cuba and Martinique to dispose of his crop. While there he heard of the conduct of the British foe in the attack which Sir Peter Parker was making on Charleston. He left his cargo and ran the blockade into Charleston and helped to defend Fort Moultrie against the British assault. In his trips to the West Indies he had become fluent of speech in both French and Spanish. He accompanied Lafayette on his journey from Charleston, in 1777, as far as Mecklenberg County, North Carolina, when that officer was on his way to Philadelphia to tender his services to Washington in defense of American liberty. He stopped at Charlotte, North Carolina, until 1781, when he took part

in the Battle of Guilford Court-house, and after this drifted into Kentucky. In May, 1782, he was at Estill's Station, and was with Estill in the defeat at the hands of the Wyandots. He fought in nearly all the Indian battles from 1781 to 1784. He was with Clark on his expedition in November, 1782. He was also with General Harmar in his defeat, and with General Wayne in his victory, and assisted in the punishment of the very men who had perpetrated the slaughter at Blue Licks. After seven years' absence in Kentucky he returned to North Carolina and married his boyish sweetheart, Theodosia Bramlette, who was the daughter of a distinguished Revolutionary fighter, Colonel Bramlette.

Netherland came to Jessamine County in 1788 with his bride, and settled on a farm five miles east of Nicholasville; in 1791 he moved to where Nicholasville now stands, and built a hotel and called it Mingo Tavern. This house was kept by him for forty years; it was torn down in 1864. I have often seen it when a boy, and I have now a drawing of it in my possession. Netherland was made the first postmaster of Nicholasville in 1801. He was the first Chairman of its Board of Trustees, and his children were 'the first white people born within its limits. He died in 1838, and was accorded a splendid military funeral. He was buried in his lot in Nicholas-

ville, which is now in the rear of the Northern Methodist Church, and a simple head-stone with his name tells where the brave pioneer finds his last rest. His funeral was preached by Bishop Kavanaugh, who was then Presiding Elder of that district. General Leslie Combs, General John McCalla, Major D. B. Price, and Robert Wickliffe were the pall-bearers.*

At the Battle of the Blue Licks Netherland was only twenty-seven years old. He was a member of Robert Patterson's Company from Lexington, and being finely mounted he gained the ford in safety and crossed the stream unhurt. As he reached the west bank he looked back over his shoulder, and his soul was stirred with deepest emotion and his heart filled with the grandest courage as he saw his comrades struggling and swimming and plunging into the river or rushing down the bank pursued by their savage enemies with unsheathed knives and uplifted tomahawks. He dismounted from his horse, and, throwing the reins over his arm, with loud, sharp, and commanding voice ordered the fleeing horsemen who

* Major Netherland's experience in the Battle of the Blue Licks justified him in his subsequent love of horses. He bred a great many fine race horses in his day, and in a letter written by him to General John McCalla, in 1830, now in my possession, he begs him to come to Nicholasville on the following Sunday to dine with him, and promises to show him "the damndest best three colts in the world." I am indebted to S. M. Duncan, Esq., of Nicholasville, Kentucky, one of the State's most active and laborious historians, for the larger part of the facts concerning Major Netherland.

were thus deserting their comrades to halt, fire upon the Indians, and save those who were still in the stream. His bravery and his splendid presence, for he was six feet two inches high, restored the spirit of these fear-stricken riders. A dozen or twenty men instantly obeyed his call, and facing about with Netherland, and standing in line, they opened a fatal and deadly fire upon the foremost of the pursuing savages.

The counter attack was so sudden and unexpected that it checked the fierce pursuit of the Indians, and they instantly fell back from the opposite bank. Netherland and his men maintained their position and drove the Indians to cover, while the wearied and almost helpless footmen were enabled to ford or swim the river in safety. Only a few minutes were necessary for those who were in the stream to reach the shore.

The footmen quickly left the buffalo trace and disappeared into the thickets, each striving for himself by hidden and circuitous routes to reach some station.

So soon as these distressed, wearied, or wounded footmen were enabled to secrete themselves in the dense forest, large numbers of the Indians were seen crossing both above and below, but Netherland and his comrades, mounting their horses, galloped along the trace and in safety reached Bryant's Station that evening.

The pursuit of the Indians was feeble after crossing the stream. Very few persons were thereafter killed. Scattered through the woods it was with difficulty that the savages could find them, and after a search through a couple of miles they abandoned the search and returned to the battle-field. Here the horrors were to open anew. Those who were wounded were quickly tomahawked and scalped; their dead bodies were mutilated in every possible way that savage cruelty could suggest; that of the manly and courageous Trigg was quartered. From their still warm but lifeless forms every vestige of clothing was removed, and the bodies left where the tomahawk or scalping-knife or the bullet had brought the end. Some of the wounded were tied hand and foot, and subjected to a slow death. Four were taken away to the Indian towns to bear the vengeance of their savage foes in the presence of their squaws and children, or were tortured on the battle-field. Three were spared, who returned a year afterward and told the story of their suffering and terror.*

On the journey to Kentucky Caldwell, McKee, Elliott, and Girty had, as said before, brought a portion of the men who had been captured at Ruddle's and Martin's

*The three prisoners who returned after captivity were Ensign John McMurty (reported killed by Major Todd and others) and Privates Lewis Rose and Jesse Yocum.

stations in June 1780, and the mind stops still with terror when it realizes what they must have suffered as they witnessed the battle, and then, subsequently, the murder and mutilation of those they had loved and respected, and who had fought with them in the great struggle to win Kentucky for the white man.

Nearly the whole day the Indians roamed over the battle-ground gathering up the guns, equipments, and effects of the dead white men. Here and there one was piled close to another, and their arms entwined, and then in a new outburst of savage brutality new cuts and stabs were inflicted upon the corpses. After gloating over these scenes of death, outrage, and barbarity until in the afternoon, Caldwell marched his forces a few miles toward Maysville and camped, and on the day following (the 20th) crossed the Ohio River.

Colonel Trigg had sent an express to Colonel Logan on the 17th day of August, telling him of the report of the attack on Bryant's, and informing Logan that he and such troops as he could call together had gone to the relief of Fayette stations.

On the morning of the 19th Logan, with the remainder of the Lincoln men, reached Bryant's Station, and toward the middle of the day started to follow along the track which Todd, Boone, Trigg, and their company had

gone twenty hours before. They were pushing along the trace a few miles from Bryant's Station near one o'clock in the afternoon, when the advance guard heard the sounds of swiftly-going steeds, and before orders to halt could be given twenty-five Lincoln and Fayette men rode in among them. Their steeds, driven to highest speed, were jaded and fagged, the men themselves, some with bleeding limbs, and all with torn garments and blackened features, told in rapid speech the horrors of the morning's battle, and of the dread havoc at the Blue Licks. In frenzied excitement brother asked for brother, neighbor for neighbor, friend for friend.*

The full command coming up, four hundred and seventy comrades formed around the wearied and excited fugitives, as in short and broken sentences the terrible repulse at the Licking was detailed to the rescuers. With blanched cheeks, quickened pulses, and sickened hearts they listened to the story of the awful tragedy, and in subdued and breathless suspense took in the pathetic and harrowing history of the day's dreadful sorrow.

And now, during the halt, came another and another and still another of the escaping soldiers. With anxious longings and strained vision each of the new-comers peered along the narrow trace, or with acutest tension turned their

* See Appendix M.

heads to catch the sound may be of others who had escaped from the calamity.

A strong advance guard was thrown forward, and the main force was halted in the woods on either side of the trace, waiting to see if yet more of the fated company would reach friends and safety. All prepared for battle. None knew but that the blood-thirsty and numerous foe were close behind the whites who had just come in, and none knew how quickly they might be required to meet the same victorious enemy.

Straggler after straggler, riding or running hard for life, pressed within the friendly lines, and each arrival had something worse to tell of the sweeping destruction of the conflict.

Now came one who had seen the brave and brilliant Todd go down in death. Another was close by the superb Trigg as he fell under the fatal fire; and yet another had witnessed the heroic and courageous Harlan sink in the very fore-front of the advance, and yet another had witnessed McBride and John Bulger perish in the leaden storm, while others had borne Edward Bulger away with a mortal wound pouring out his life's blood; and yet others had looked on Kincaid, Gordon, Overton, and Lindsay as they too were stricken to earth by the murderous shots. Till near night Logan remained encamped, receiving each

escaped comrade with joy as he rushed under the protection of his regiment, and then he turned and retraced his steps to Bryant's Station.

A few of the survivors had gone on with all possible haste to tell the sad story at the station. Of the gallant band who had so grandly defended it, at least one fourth were with Todd and Boone in the Fayette battalion. It was already known now that Lieutenant Barnett Rogers, Ezekiel Field, and James Ledgerwood were dead, and that Jesse Yocum was missing; Jeremiah Craig, whose wife and daughters were among the women who went to the spring for water on the 16th, had gone with Todd, and he had not returned.

The rapidly-riding express emerged from the trace and entered the clearing. His appearance told the story of disaster, and with beating hearts, crushed hopes, and tear-dimmed eyes, the direful story was told again, and each with earnest questioning sought to learn who was safe.

A change had come into the fort. The exultation of the 17th was changed on the 19th into deepest grief and humiliation. No words can paint and few hearts can measure the terror of the scene, and all in silent despair awaited for the tidings from the field of battle.

As the shadows of the night come, darkness only creates new fears and arouses new apprehensions. From

out in the stillness and gloom of the forest here and there comes hallooing, and a footman, exhausted, clothes torn to tatters, with limbs all cut and pricked, and with broken spirit and feeble strength calls for aid and recognition. Wives, mothers, children, soldiers, all mingle in common grief, and sit in hushed and earnest expectation, and with hearts lifted to God in prayer for mercy watched through the long and everlengthening hours of the night.

This was the sequel to the glorious and splendid defense of the fort a few hours before. There were mothers and wives who, on the 16th, walked fearlessly to the spring to dip water for the besieged garrison, who now in abject hopelessness bewailed the absence of sons and husbands, whose mangled forms they pictured lying on the battle-field or writhing under the tortures of a savage foe.

When daylight came nearly one hundred had arrived. With speedy foot they had run through the cane and timber, guided by the stars, toward a place of refuge, or on horseback, by the traces or circuitous paths, had found the friendly fort once more.

To the experienced woodsman at dawn it was apparent that few more would come, and increasing hours stifled further hope. It was now certain that those who

had not come had been victims in the conflict or in the chase. Messengers were sent to neighboring stations. Boone had found safety in his own fort; Captain Ellis was with him. Some had gone to Lexington, but still nearly eighty were missing, and there were none brave enough to offer to go where the ruin had fallen. At Harrodsburg, Trigg's, and other stations, even deeper desolation was felt. The worst had come to Lincoln; Trigg, Harlan, the Bulgers, McBride, Gordon, were a terrible offering for that county to pay for the common defense. The cries of the widows and orphans and the sobs of mothers went up from every station in Fayette and half of those in Lincoln, and gloom, distrust, and disquietude brooded over the whole territory.

During the 20th, 21st, 22d, 23d, and part of the 24th Logan and his command remained at Bryant's.

The spirit of the bravest men seemed cowed. The blow the savages had given was so tremendous and so stunning that none seemed to recover from its force. Andrew Steele* in his quaint words told the story thus: "To express the feelings of the inhabitants of both the Counties at this Rueful scene of unparalleled Barbarities barre all words and cuts Description short."

With the list of honored and brave dead and the roll

* See Appendix N.

of those hitherto invincible recoiling before the Indians, it seemed unwise again to face such an enemy, and the stoutest hearts hesitated before again grappling with such foes.

The friends of the dead both in Lincoln and Fayette were now clamoring for news from the battle-field, and on the 24th Colonel Logan, with five hundred men, began the march for the Licking. On the morning of the 25th they commenced the descent into the valley. Long before they caught sight of the hills on the eastern bank, where here and there vision broke through the dense shade of the trace, they saw high in the air great troops of winged scavengers swarming and sailing over the battle-ground, and these told in unmistakable signs of the shocking sights soon to greet their eyes.

In the river, in the valley, on the hillside, on the ridge, it was the same terrible, harrowing sight of savage desecration. Brothers, relations, and friends began the eager search of mutilated forms, but only in a few instances could identity be established. A common grave on the field where they had died was decreed them, and within a few feet of where Todd, Trigg, Harlan, and McBride had fallen, on the side of the ridge where the left wing had felt the shock of the fierce storm and the quick assault with the blade, the thin earth was scraped

away. A stone wall, forty feet in length and four feet high, was built, and in behind this the bodies of the gallant slain were sepulchered; over them were thrown rocks, logs, and brush, and the story of the Blue Licks was closed. *

Logan marched back to Bryant's Station, reaching there the 26th, and on the day before Caldwell and McKee had reached Wakatamiki, now Zanesfield, Logan County, Ohio, one hundred and forty-two miles distant, and from there reported to their British masters of their bloody work.

In short season after the battle the buffaloes, driven farther west by the presence of the white men, ceased their coming to the springs to which they had so long journeyed. Nature, sympathizing with the sadness and glory which centered around this treeless eminence, exerted its forces to hide the nakedness and ruin and clothe the sterile area with beautiful evergreens. It bade the cedar with its never-dying leaves and unchanging verdure to spring from the rocky soil and stand as a monument to the noble heroes who rest in death beneath its protecting shades in unknown and unmarked graves. Over the once barren hillside this beautiful tree has grown in such luxuriant abundance as to cover every

* See Appendix O.

rock and crag with its perennial freshness, and those who approach it now look only upon a mountain of never-fading green; fit emblem of the memory of the brave, chivalrous, and gallant men who here died for Kentucky.

APPENDIX A.

OFFICERS OF FAYETTE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, TO GOVERNOR
HARRISON, OF VIRGINIA.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 301.)

LEXINGTON, FAYETTE CO. Septem 11th, 1782.

SIR: The Officers, Civil as well as Military, of this County, beg the attention of your Excellency & the H'ble Council. The number of the Enemy that lately penetrated into our County, their Behavior; adding to this our late unhappy defeat at the Blue Licks, fill us with the greatest concern & anxiety. The Loss of our worthy officers & Souldiers who fell there the 19th of August, we sensibly feel and deem our situation truly Alarming. We can scarcely behold a spot of Earth, but what reminds us of the fall of some fellow adventurer massacred by Savage hands. Our number of militia decreases. Our widows & orphans are numerous, our officers and worthiest men fall a sacrifice. In short sir, our settlement, hitherto formed at the Expense of Treasure & much Blood seems to decline, & if something is not speedily done, we doubt will wholly be depopulated. The Executive we believe think often of us & wish to protect us, but Sir, we believe any military operations that for 18 months have been carried on in consequence of Orders from the Executive, have rather been detrimental than Beneficial. Our Militia are called on to do duty in a manner that has a tendency to protect Jefferson County, or rather Louisville, a Town without Inhabitants, a Fort situated in such a manner, that the Enemy coming with a design to lay waste our Country, would scarcely come within one Hundred miles of it, & our own Frontiers open & unguarded. Our Inhabitants are discouraged. tis now near two years since the division of the County & no Surveyor has ever appeared among us, but has by appointment from time to time deceived us. our principal expectations of

strength are from him. during his absence from the County Claimants of Land disappear, when if otherwise, they would be an additional strength.

We entreat the Executive to examine into the Cause, and remove it speedily. If it is thought impracticable to carry the war into the Enemy's Country, we beg the plan of building a Garrison at the mouth of Line-stone & another at the mouth of Licking, formerly prescribed by your Excellency, might be again adopted and performed. A Garrison at the mouth of Limestone, would be a Landing place for adventurers from the Back parts of Pensyl'va & Virg'a, adjacent to a large Body of good Land which would be speedily settled—would be in the Enemy's principal crossing place, not more than fifty miles from Lexington our Largest settlement, & might readily be furnished with provition from above, till they would be supplied from our Settlements here. Major Netherland, we expect will deliver this. he will attend to give any particular information that may be deemed necessary.

Humanity towards Inhabitants destitute of Hopes of any other aid, will surely induce your Excellency to spare from the interior parts of the State 200 men, and a few pieces of Artillery for those purposes above mentioned.

We are Sir, yr. Excellency's mo't ob't &
vy: H'ble Ser'nts

DANIEL BOONE.

LEVI TODD.

R. J. PATTERSON.

B. NETHERLAND.

ELI CLEVELAND.

WM. HENDERSON.

WM. MCCONNALL.

JOHN CRAIG.

WM. MCCONNELL.

APPENDIX B.

G. R. CLARK TO GOVERNOR HARRISON.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 345.)

COVE SPRING, LINCOLN COUNTY, October 18, 1782.

SIR: Yours by Maj. Walls came safe to hand the 30th July. Nothing could be more timely than the cloathing, for desertion was so common, that I believe in a month more there would not have been a soldier left. The works at the Falls was forwarded by every means in our power, until they were supposed sufficiently strong to withstand any attack from their Enemy but not yet compleat.

Those preparations that were made and the measure taken to let the Enemy know that we were fully acquainted with their design (which in fact we were) I believe has saved the Western Country, by their losing all hopes of Reducing the falls, divided their force, sent some to Weeling, and the main body to make a diversion on Fayette County. And had it not have been for that Imprudent affair at the blue licks, the country would have sustained very little damage. I learn Col: Logan has sent you a full acct. of the whole transaction. The Conduct of those unfortunate Gents was Extremely reprehensible. The Enemy continue to skulk in small parties in different parts of the country but do little damage at present. The movements of the Enemy last Spring and Summer put it entirely out of our Power to Establish the posts at the mouth of Kentucky, licking, &c., they may be begun this fall.

* * * * *

A late stroke of your Excellency hath added greatly to the strength of this Country, That of ordering the delinquents of the Counties to do duty with the Regular troops in this Quarter; it

will have most salutary Effects altho' few Examples may be made. . . . The works at the falls was at the Expense of a considerable quantity of flour, as were Obliged to make a fund of it. The Gallee I had built answered the design Exceedingly, and hath been of Infinite service. Our Circumstances would not admit of her being as Compleat as I could have wished, but I hope to have her so this fall. I have discovered that open small boats will by no means answer the purpose of Cruising on the River as they are often liable to be ambuscaded when they came near the shore, or in narrow parts of the River. But those on the Construction of the Gallee, where gunnills are four feet bullet proof with false Gunnills that play on strong hinges, Raise her sides so high that she can Lay within pistol shot of the shore without the least danger.

I have the honor to be D'r Sir, your Excellency's Devoted and very humble Serv't, &c. &c.

APPENDIX C.

COLONEL S. CLARK TO GOVERNOR HARRISON.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 385.)

LINCOLN, KY., November 30, 1782.

"Colo. Todd's militia was excused from all other duty but that of keeping out proper scouts and spies on the Ohio and Elsewhere to discover the approach of the Enemy, to give time and to Imbody a sufficient force to Repell them, as it could not be previously done, not certainly knowing in what quarter they would make their stroke. instead of those necessary duties being done in which their salvation apparently depended, the Enemy was suffered to penetrate deliberately into the bowels of their Country

and make the attack before they were discovered. this I believe is what is wished to be blinded, and the neglect to be one of the principal springs to that mad pursuit and carnage of the Blue Licks, as the Reverse of fortune would have obliterated the former neglect. I must confess that I have been deficient in my duty in not given you an ac't of every circumstance attending this unhappy affair, but hope to be excused as it was only owing to my Delicacy in affecting the memory of the gentlemen who Fell, not conceiving it to be of singular advantage to government, and knowing it would fix an Eternal Stigmy on others Characters, but as the Scale has turned to the amazement of many, I shall immediately collect every circumstance relative to the whole affair for you perutial." . . . He begs the governor not to listen to further complaints, and feels persuaded that if he knew "the true character of many of these Gentlemen" that he would never refer to them again. Gives as apology for this remark, the zeal he has for the public interest, and the estimate he has of his goodness. Referring again to the memorial from Fayette County, he adds, it was "to cover their misconduct, and a prelude to a Maj's Commission for a Triffle and a Col's for a person something more deserving, to the prejudice of a valuable man Mr. Swearingin, their former Major who had been absent for some time and was Dayly expected, which would have prevented their design. to my certain knowledge they now dread the Execution of what a few of them were deluded to pray for again, Col: Donoldson, who was last spring chairman of the Committee that endeavored to subvert the Government and cost us soe much trouble to overset, since bearing an important Commission, &c."

APPENDIX D.

ANDREW STEELE TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 303.)

FAYETTE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON, Septem 12th, 1782.

SIR: The present Important & alarming Crisis claim the serious attention & mature Deliberation of Your Excellency & the Honorable House. The frequent Incursions & Hostile Depredations of a Savage Enemy upon our Exterior Posts, our Dispersed Legions, our veteran army defeated, our Widows Tears & orphans cries grate strongly on the Ear, nay Thunder at the Door of your Council, not only for acts of consideration, but Protection & redress.

To express the feelings of the Inhabitants at the Ruefull scenes of Barbarities daily perpetrated amongst us, barrs all words & cut Description short. So fatal is the stroke that a second similar to that we have already Rec'd will close the Catastrophy & Terminate the Intire Devastation of our County. I would beg leave to inform you that annually since the seventeen Hund'd & seventy-eight, an army of not less than three Hund'd Saveges Infested our Territories & since seventy-six, Eight Hundred & sixty Effective men fell, the matchless massacread victims of their unprecedented Cruelty. A few of the primitive adventurers yet survive, who supplicate your Excellencies Immediate Interposition in their behalf, in granting them such strength, as may enable them to carry on an offensive war, or at least Act in the Defensive with safety, for if some mode of preservation is not speedily adopted the welthy will forthwith Emigrate to the Interior parts of the Settlement & the Poor to the Spaniards. Dreadful alternative!! Nature recoils at the thought!—further, from the Jealous apprehension of the Inhabitants I am under the Disagreeable necessity of Informing your Excellency that from the Detainour of our County Surveyor

(from whom their greatest Expectations of strength was derived) they are Induced to believe you have either withdrawn that Paternal care which they have long Rely'd on or rather the Executive Body are Dubious of the authenticity of their claim to those Western Territories—I would also observe that the many Military Operations hitherto Effected, or rather intended for our safety (the Seventeen Hundred & Eighty Indian Expedition excluded, the Honour whereof is Justly due to the militia) have centered at Louisville, a Town distant one Hund'd miles from the Center of our County, to which together with Fort Jefferson, Elinois & St. Vincennes, may the Innormous Expence of the Western frontiers be Attributed & not to the Counties of Kanetucky, which in competition would be less than a Mathematical Point. To conclude, Permit us, once more the Indigent Offspring of an oppulent father, if not Equally to share, yet to partake of your Kind patronage & Protection & beg you would adopt such measures as your Superior wisdom mey suggest to Promote the Peace, welfare & Tranquility of your Suppliants in particular & the Interest of the Commonwealth in Genl. Then shall we Congratulate ourselves in having you the Illustrious Patron & Protector of our Lives, Laws & Religious Liberties, when the annals of History will rank your name among the Bravest & Wisest Politicians & Gratitude like a Torrent will flow from the Heart of every Kanetuckian, whilst we Experience with what firmness you have supported our interest. Our universal Joy & fervent Expressions of Allegiance & Gratitude.

These public Testimonials of our Felicities will be Too convincing Proofs to Require any argument to support them.

The Author begs leave to subscribe himself a Friend to the Commonwealth & your Excellency's most obed't humbl. Servant.

APPENDIX E.

EXTRACT FROM BOONE'S LETTER TO GOVERNOR HARRISON.

(Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Volume 3, page 280.)

See also report of Logan. "I am inclined to believe that when Your Excellency and Council become acquainted with the military operations in this country, that you will not think them so properly conducted as to answer the general interests of Kentucky. From the accounts we had received by prisoners, who had escaped this Spring, we were confident of an invasion from the Detroit Indians. Common safety then made some scheme of defense necessary for which purpose I was called upon by General Clark to attend a council, and after consulting matters it was determined to build a fort at the mouth of Licking, and shortly I received his order for one hundred men to attend this business with a certain number from Fayette. Before the day of rendezvous, I was instructed to send the men to the Falls of the Ohio in order to build a strong garrison and a row galley, thus by weakening one end to strengthen another, the upper part of the country was left exposed and the enemy, intercepting our designs, brought their intended expedition against the frontiers of Fayette." Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Volume 3, page 281.

See also address of Civil and Military Officers of Fayette County: "The executives, we believe, think often of us and wish to protect us. But sir, we believe any military operations that for eighteen months have been carried on in consequence of orders from the executive, have rather been detrimental than beneficial. Our militia are called on to do duty in a manner that has a tendency to protect Jefferson County, or rather, Louisville, a town without inhabitants, a fort situated in such a manner that the enemy, coming with the design to lay waste our country, will scarcely

come within one hundred miles of it, and our own frontiers open and unguarded." Virginia State Papers, Volume 3, page 301.

Nor was General Clark slow to express his dissatisfaction of the conduct of the officers in charge at Blue Licks. He thought the sacrifice the result of imprudence and recklessness, and he hastened to inform the Governor of Virginia that the responsibility in the matter was none of his.

See also letter of General Clark to Governor Harrison, dated Cove Spring, Lincoln County, October 18, 1782: "Had it not been for that imprudent affair at the Blue Licks the country would have sustained very little damage. I learn Colonel Logan has sent you a full account of the whole transaction. The conduct of these unfortunate gents was extremely reprehensible. The enemy continued to skulk in small parties in different parts of the country, but do little damage at present." The Calendar of Virginia State Papers, Volume 3, page 345.

See also letter, Clark to Governor Harrison, dated Lincoln County, November 30, 1782: "Colonel Todd's militia was excused from all other duty but that of keeping out proper scouts and spies on the Ohio and elsewhere to discover the approach of the enemy, to give time and to embody a sufficient force to repel them, as it could not be previously done, not certainly knowing in what quarter they would make their stroke. Instead of those necessary duties being done, in which their salvation apparently depended, the enemy was suffered to penetrate deliberately into the bowels of their country and make the attack before they were discovered. This, I believe, is what is wished to be blinded and the neglect to be one of the principal springs to that mad pursuit and carnage of the Blue Licks, ^{as} the reverse of fortune would have obliterated the former neglect." The Calendar of Virginia State Papers, page 385.

APPENDIX F.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM CAPTAIN CALDWELL, DATED AT
WAKITAMIKI, AUGUST 26, 1782.

(Haldimand Papers, Series B, Volume 123, page 297.)

When I last had the pleasure of writing you I expected to have struck at Wheeling as I was on my march for that place, but was overtaken by a messenger from the Shawnese who informed me the enemy was on their march for their country which obliged me to turn their way, and to my great mortification found the alarm false and that it was owing to a Gondals coming up to the mouth of Licking Creek and landing some men upon the South side of the Ohio which when the Indians saw supposed it must be Clark. It would have been a lucky circumstance if they had come on as I had eleven hundred Indians on the ground and three hundred within a days march of me. When the report was contradicted they mostly left us. Many of them had left their towns no ways equipped for war, as they expected as well as myself to fight in a few days; notwithstanding I was determined to pay the enemy a visit with as many Indians as would follow me: accordingly I crossed the Ohio with three hundred Indians and rangers and marched for Bryants Station, Kentuck, and surrounded the Fort the 15th in the morning, and tried to draw 'em out by sending up a small party to try to take a prisoner and shew themselves, but the Indians were in too great a hurry and the whole shewed too soon. I then saw it was in vain to wait any longer and so drew nigh the Fort, burnt 3 houses which are part of the Fort but the wind being contrary prevented it having the desired effect. Killed upwards of 300 hogs, 150 head of cattle and a number of sheep, took a number of horses, pulled up and destroyed their potatoes, cut down a great deal of their corn, burnt

their hemp and did other considerable damage. By the Indians exposing themselves too much we had 5 killed and 2 wounded.

We retreated the 16th, and came as far as Riddle's former Station, when nigh 100 Indians left me as they went after their things they left at the Forks of Licking and I took the road by the Blue Licks as it was nigher and the ground more advantageous in case the enemy should pursue us, got to the Licks on the 17th and encamped.

On the 18th, in the morning one of my party that was watching the Road came in and told me the enemy was within a mile of us, upon which I drew up to fight them. At half past seven they advanced in three Divisions in good order, they had spied some of us and it was the very place they expected to overtake us. We had but fired one Gun till they gave us a volley and stood to it very well for some time, till we rushed in upon them, when they broke immediately. We pursued for about two miles, and as the enemy was mostly on horseback, it was in vain to follow further.

We killed and took one hundred and Forty six. Amongst the killed is Col. Todd the Commander, Col. Boon, Lt. Col. Trigg, Major Harlin who commanded their Infantry, Major Magara and a number more of their Officers. Our loss is Monsr. LaBute killed; he died like a warrior fighting arm to arm, six Indians killed and ten wounded. The Indians behaved extremely well and no people could behave better than both Officers and men in general. The Indians I had with me were the Wyandots and Lake Indians. The Wyandots furnished me with what provision I wanted, and behaved extremely well.

Endorsed: — Entered in Book marked B No. 3 Page 31 Extract of a letter from Capt. Caldwell to Major De Peyster, dated at Wakitamiki Aug. 26th, 1782.

APPENDIX G.

COLONEL LEVI TODD TO GOVERNOR HARRISON AND COUNCIL.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 300.)

LEXINGTON, FAYETTE COUNTY, KENTUCKY, September 11th, 1782.

SIR: Enclosed is a copy of the Recommendations made at our last court; so great a change proceeds from a cause truly lamentable, the Loss of our County Lieutenants, and a number of subaltans at the late attacks, but particularly at our defeat at the Blue Licks when the Enemy put us wholly to the Rout—the circumstances & particulars are these—On the 16th of August a party of Indians appeared at Bryants & by their behavoir a large Party was supposed to lie around the Fort. An Express was sent here, my Brother being absent, I went with about 30 men Discovery and force my way into the Fort. near Bryants I was joined with about 10 more, finding the enemy lay round, we attempted forcing our way. 17 men on Horseback rushed in, the greater part of rest being on foot were prevented and overpowered, obliged to seek safety by flight with the loss of one killed & 3 wounded, one of which died the next morning—I immediately despatched an Express to Col: Trigg the highest officer in Lincoln, demanding assistance, & also Notice to Colo. Jno. Todd then in Lincoln.

The Enemy commanded by Simon Girty made an attempt to fire the Fort, but were prevented with much Loss. They however kept up a smart fire till the morning of the 17th when they went off—the same evening Col: Jno: Todd & Colo. Trigg arrived with a party of men, who with what we could raise soon made 170. On the morning of the 18th we pursued on their Trail. On the morning of the 19th we came within sight of the Enemy about $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, north of the lower Blue Licks—we dismounted & began the attack with vigour, from our left the enemy retreated & we gained

ground. Our right within a minute or two gave way & found themselves to be flanked by the enemy. Our line then gradually gave way from our Right to our Left till the whole broke in Confusion. The action lasted about five minutes. Our loss as near as we can ascertain is sixty-six, among whom were our commanding officer Col: John Todd, Col: Trigg, Capts: Gordon, McBride, Kinkaid & Overton, Major Harlan, Major Bulger (who since died of his wounds) Mr. Jos: Lindsay & several gentlemen of note—the Enemy we suppose consisted of three or four Hundred—they took some prisoners, we suppose tho' very few, upwards of 40 were found, but we think a number more lay near the Battle ground. The Enemy must have suffered considerably, a great part of our men fought with much Resolution & Activity. The conduct of the Officers is by some censured & charged with want of prudence in attacking at any Rate, but as we had no chance to know their number, we thought ours was not much Inferior & supposed we should by a fierce attack throw them in confusion & break their Lines. We are much alarmed in this County & fear the Consequence will be very detrimental if government cannot give assistance, tho' our great dependence is that if the County surveyor would attend, we should be strengthened with additional settlers not a few.

I am Sir, Your Excellency's most obedient & very Humble serv'nt &c. &c.

APPENDIX H.

FROM CANADIAN ARCHIVES—COLONIAL OFFICE RECORDS.

SERIES II, VOLUME 20, PAGE 288.

SIR: My letter of the 22nd. and 23rd. of July informed you of the reports brought us of the enemy's motions at that time which was delivered by the Chiefs of the Standing Stone Village

and confirmed by Belts and strings of Wampum in so earnest a manner that could not but gain credit with us. We had upon this occasion the greatest Body of Indians collected to an advantageous piece of ground near the Priowee Village that have been assembled in this Quarter since the commencement of the War and perhaps may never be in higher spirits to engage the enemy when the return of Scouts from the Ohio informed us that the accounts we had received was false. This disappointment notwithstanding all our endeavors to keep them together occasioned them to disperse in disgust with each other; the inhabitants of the country who were the most immediately interested in keeping in a body were the first that broke off and tho' we advanced towards the Ohio with upwards of three hundred Hurons and Lake Indians, few of Delawares, Shawnese or Mingoes followed us. On our arrival at the Ohio we remained still in uncertainty with respect to the enemy's motions, and it was thought best from hence to send Scouts to the Falls, and that the main Body should advance into the enemy's country and endeavor to lead out a party from some of their Forts by which we might be able to gain some certain Intelligence; accordingly we crossed the Ohio and arrived the 18th. inst. at one of the enemy's settlements called Bryan's Station, but the Indians discovered their numbers prevented their coming out and the Lake Indians finding this rushed up to the Fort and set several out houses on fire but at too great a distance to touch the Fort, the wind blowing the contrary way. The firing continued this day during which time a Party of about twenty of the enemy approached a part that happened not to be guarded and about one half of them reached it the rest being drove back by a few Indians who were near the place. The next morning finding it to no purpose to keep up a fire longer upon the Fort as we were getting men killed and

had already several men wounded, which were to be carried, the Indians determined to retreat and the 20th. reached the Blue Licks where we encamped near an advantageous Hill and expecting the enemy would pursue determined here to wait for them keeping spies at the Lick who in the morning of the 21st. discovered them and at half past seven o'clock we engaged them and in a short time totally defeated them. We were not much superior to them in numbers, they being about two hundred picked men from the settlement of Kentucky commanded by the Colonels Todd, Trigg, Boone and Todd, with the Majors Harling and McGary most of whom fell in the action; from the best inquiry I could make upon the spot, there was upwards of one hundred and forty killed and taken with near an hundred rifles, several being thrown into a deep River that were not recovered.

It was said by the Prisoners that a Colonel Logan was expected to join them with one hundred men more; we waited upon this ground to day for him, but seeing there was not much probability of his coming we set off and crossed the Ohio the second day after the action. Capt. Caldwell and I arrived at this place last night with a design of sending some assistance to those who are bringing in the wounded people who are fourteen in number. We had ten Indians killed with Mr. LeBute of the Indian Department, who by sparing the life of one of the enemy and endeavoring to take him prisoner lost his own. To our disappointment we find no provisions brought forward to this place or likelihood of any for some time and we have entirely subsisted since we left this on what we get in the woods and took from the enemy.

The Prisoners all agree in their account that there is no talk of an expedition from that Quarter, nor indeed are they able without assistance from the Colonies, and that the militia of the

country have been employed during the summer in building the Fort at the falls and what they call a Row-Galley which has made one trip up the river to the mouth of the big Miami and occasioned that alarm that created us so much trouble. She carries one Six Pounder, six four Pounders and two, two Pounders and rows eighty oars. She had at the Big Bone Lick one hundred men, but being chiefly draughts from the Militia many of them left her on different parts of the River. One of the Prisoners mentions the arrival of Boats lately from Fort Pitt and that letters have passed between the commanding officer of that place and Mr. Clarke intimating that preparation is making there for another expedition into the Indian Country.

We have since our arrival heard something of this matter and that the particulars have been forwarded to you. A Detachment of Rangers with a large Party of Delawares and Shawnese are gone that way who will be able to discover the truth of this matter.

I am this day favored with yours of the 6th. August containing the report of Isaac Zeans concerning the cruelties of the Indians. It is true they have made sacrifices to their revenge after the massacre of their women and children some being known to them to be perpetrators of it, but it was done in my absence or before I could reach any of the places to interfere, and, I can assure you, sir, that there is not a white Person here wanting in their duty to represent to the Indians in the strongest terms the highest abhorrence of such conduct as well as the bad consequences that may attend it to both them and us being contrary to the rule of carrying on war by civilized Nations. However it is not impracticable that Zeans may have exaggerated matters greatly being notoriously known for a disaffected Person and concerned in sending Prisoners away with Intelligence to the Enemy at the time Capt. Bird came out as we were then informed.

I flatter myself that I may by this time have an answer to the Letter I had the honor of writing to the Commander in Chief on leaving Detroit.

Mr. Elliott is to be the bearer of this who will be able to give you any further Information necessary respecting matters here.

I am with respect Sir, Your most obedt. and very humble
Servant, (Signed) A. McKEE.

Shawanese Country, August 28th. 1782. Major De Peyster.

Indorsed 5 1782 From Capt. A. McKee to Major De Peyster,
Datd. Augt. 28th. 1782. In Govr. Haldimand's No. 5 23rd. Oct.
1782.

APPENDIX I.

COLONEL DANIEL BOONE TO THE GOVERNOR OF VIRGINIA.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 275.)

FAYETTE COUNTY, BOONE'S STATION, August 30, 1782.

SIR: A Circumstances of affairs Causes me to write to your Excellency as follows. On the 16th of this Instant, a large number of Indians with some white men, attacted one of our fronteer Stations, known by the name of Bryan's Station. The seige continued from about Sunrise til ten oclock the next Day, then they marched off. Notice being given to the Different Stations adjacent, we Immediately collected 181 Horsemen commanded by Colo. Jno: Todd: Including some of the Lincoln County Militia Commanded by Colo. Trigg, and having pursued about 40 miles, on the 19th Instant we Discovered the Enemy Lying in wait for us, on Discovery of which we formed our Column into one Single Line and marched up in their front within about forty yards before there was a gun fired: Col: Trigg on the right, my Self on the Left, Major McGary in the centre, Major Harlin with the advance party in the front—and from the manner we had formed, it fell

to my lot to bring on the attack, which was done with a very heavy on both Sides: and extended back the lines to Colo: Trigg, where the Enemy was so strong that they rushed up and broke the right wing at the first fire. So the Enemy was immediately on our backs, so we were obliged to Retreat with the loss of 77 of our men and 12 wounded. Afterwards we were Reinforced by Colo. Logan, which with our own men amounted to 460 Light Horse, with which we marched to the Battle ground again. But found the enemy were gone off. So we proceeded to bury the dead—which were 43 found on the ground, and many more we Expect Lay about that we did not see, as we Could not Tarry to search very close, being Both Hungry and weary, and some what Dubious that the enemy might not be gone quite off, and by what discovery we could make we conclude the number of Indians to exceed 400—now the whole of our militia of this County does not exceed 130. By this, your Excellency may draw an idea of our circumstance. I know Sir, that your Situation at present is something critical. But are we to be totally forgotten. I hope not. I trust about 500 men sent to our assistance Immediately, and them to be stationed as our County Lieutenants shall see most necessary, may be the saving of this our part of the Country. but if you put them under the Direction of Genl: Clarke, they will be Little or no Service to our Settlement, as he lies 100 miles West of us, and the Indians north East, and our men are often called to the Falls to guard them. I have encouraged the people here in this County all that I could, but I can no longer Encourage my neighbors, nor myself to risque our Lives here at such Extraordinary hazzards. The Inhabitants of these Counties are very much alarmed at the thoughts of the Indians bringing another Campaign into our Country this fall, which if it should be the case, will Break these settlements. So I hope your Excel-

lency will take it into consideration and send us some Relief as quick as possible.

This Sir, is my sentiments without consulting any person. I expect Colo. Logan will immediately send to you by Express. By whom I most humbly Request your Excellencies answer, meanwhile I remain, Sir,

Your Excellency's most obedient Humbl. Serv't.

A List of the Slain—Colo. Jno. Todd,		Lieuts: Rogers,
Colo. Trigg,		McQuire,
Maj: Harlin,		Hinson.
Capts:—Gordon,		Officers, 10
“ Kincade,		Privates, 67
“ McBride,		—
“ Overton.		77
		Wounded 12

APPENDIX J.

HUGH MCGARY.—McGary never himself entered into any written defense of his conduct in this battle. Newspapers in that day were unknown in the State, and his only chance to justify his conduct would be by oral explanation.

Forty years after the battle McClung in his Sketches gives the statement of a gentleman who had conversed with McGary as to his part in the action. This gentleman related that he met McGary several years after the battle, at one of the circuit courts, and in conversation McGary acknowledged that he was the immediate cause of the battle, and with great heat and energy endeavored to justify himself. He asserted that in the council at Bryant's Station the night before the march he strenuously urged Todd and Trigg to await Logan's coming, telling them the Indians would not make

a precipitate retreat. He said Todd scouted his advice, claiming that a single day lost would enable the Indians to cross the river and escape; that the time to strike them was while they were in a body; that the talk of their numbers was nonsense, the more the merrier, and that he was resolved to pursue at once, and that there were brave men enough on the ground to enable him to attack with effect.

This nettled him, and he joined eagerly in the pursuit, and when they came in sight of the enemy, and Todd and Trigg began to talk about numbers, position, and Logan, he burst into a passion and cursed them for a set of cowards, and swore that as they had come so far for a fight they should have it, and that they should fight or he would disgrace them; that now it should be shown who had courage or who were d—d cowards, and that he then dashed into the river and called upon all who were not cowards to follow him.

McGary spoke, the gentlemen said, with bitterness of Todd and Trigg, and swore they had received what they deserved, and he, for one, was glad of it.

This story was wisely withheld for forty years after the battle. McGary's subsequent conduct was not such as to restore him to public favor. The atrocious murder of Moluntha in 1786, when with Logan on his invasion of the Indian town in Ohio, stamps him as cruel, base, and brutal, and the declaration that in the presence of their troops he cursed Todd and Trigg and denounced them as cowards will never be credited upon either second hand or first hand statement of McGary.

The failure to find his name connected in any prominent transaction in the history of Kentucky during his after life is demonstration that his conduct was condemned by those who were his contemporaries.

APPENDIX K.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM COLONEL LEVI TODD TO HIS BROTHER,
CAPTAIN ROBERT TODD.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 333.)

LEXINGTON, Aug: 26th, '82.

On the 16th Instant, in the morning an Express arrived from Bryant's Station informing us it was expected a Body of Indians lay round the Fort. I set off with 30 men to see if it was so, and before I got there (which is five miles distant) was joined by 10 men from Daniel Boones. I found the Place surrounded & intended to force our way in. Seventeen of the foremost Horsemen rushed in; but being attacked at the mouth of a Lane; the remainder, some on Horseback, and myself and Ten others on Foot, were forced to retreat, leaving one man killed, and having three wounded, one of whom died next morning, but the other two will recover.

Our Brother being over in Lincoln, I sent Expresses there desiring assistance. In the mean time, the Indians made a violent attack upon Bryants Fort and continued it all day & night: and a storm was expected. However they met with some Loss, and on the morning of the 17th went off. In the Evening, our Brother, Col: Trigg, and Major Macgary came with 130 men. On the morning of the 18th we collected 182 men all on Horseback, and pursued the Enemy till 8 o'clock in the morning of the 19th, when we got sight of them forming in a Ridge in a Loop of the River, about three Quarters of a Mile North of the lower blue Lick and over the Licking. We had then pursued about 40 miles. We rode up within 60 yards, dismounted, gave and sustained a heavy and general Fire. The ground was equally favorable to both Parties and the Timber good. The left wing rushed on

& gained near 100 yards of ground. But the Right gave way, and the Enemy soon flanked us on that side, upon which the center gave way & shifted behind the left wing. And immediately the whole broke in confusion After the Action had lasted about five minutes. Our men suffered much in the Retreat, many Indians having mounted our men's Horses, haveing open woods to pass through to the River, and several were killed in the River. Several efforts were made to rally, but all in Vain. He that could remount a horse was well off, and he that could not saw no time for delay. Our Brother received a Ball in his left Breast, and was on Horseback when the men broke. He took a course I thought dangerous, and as I never saw him afterwards, I suppose he never got over the River. Col: Trigg, Major Harlin, Major Bulger, Captains McBride, Gordon, KinKead and Overton fell upon the ground, also our friend James Brown. Our number missing is about seventy-five. I think the number of the Enemy was at least 300, but many of the men think five hundred. Colo. Logan with 500 men went to the ground on the 24th, and found & buried about 50 of our dead men. They were all stript naked, scalped & mangled in such a manner that it was hard to know one from another. Our Brother was not known.

As people in different parts of the Country will be anxious to know the names of the Killed, I will add a List of what I can now remember—

Colo. John Todd, Col: Stephen Trigg—Major Silas Hardin, Major John and Edward Bulger—Captains Wm. McBride, John Gordon, Joseph Kinkead, and Cluff Overton—Lieutenants Wm. Givens, John Kenneday & — Rogers—Ensign John MacMurtry. Privates—Francis McBride, John Price, James Ledgerwood, John Wilson, Isaac MacCracken, Lewis Rose, Mathias Rose, Hugh Cunningham, Jesse Yœum, William Eadds, Esau Corn, William Smith,

Henry Miller, Ezekiel Field, John Folley, John Fry, Val Stern, Andrew MacConnell, James Broown (Surgeon), William Harris, William Stewart, William Stevens, Charles Ferguson, John Willson, John O'Neal, John Stapleton, Dan'l Greggs, Jervis Green, Drury Polley, William Robertson, Gilbert Marshall, James Smith, and Joseph Lindsay.

APPENDIX L.

COLONEL ARTHUR CAMPBELL TO COLONEL WILLIAM DAVIES.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 337.)

WASHINGTON COUNTY, VIRGINIA, October 3rd, 1782.

SIR: From Colonel Christian and the accounts sent by Major Netherland, the Executive may be fully informed of the State of the War in the Kentucky Country. What if it should be the policy of the British Ministry to drive in from the other side the Apalachian mountain before the signing the preliminaries of peace.

At any rate they are united the Savage Tribes, and endeavoring to sow the seeds of deep laid animosity, which will lengthen the Indian war to a longer period than most imagine. Nothing now will put an end to it, but a decided blow in the enemy's country, and a peace given them in the hour of their panic and misfortune, afterwards conducted by a proper Superintendency, or that Canada becomes ours, or our Allies.

The method of arming and arraying our militia ought to be varied. The Bayonet and Scymeter must be introduced to enable us now to face the Indians. And Evolutions suited to the woods should be learned by both Foot and Horse. All our late defeats have been occasion thro' neglect of these, and a want of a proper authority and capacity in the Commanding Officers. Never was the lives of so many valuable men lost more shamefully than in

the late action of the 19th of August, and that not a little thro' the vain and seditious expressions of a Major McGeary. How much more harm than good can one fool do. Todd & Trigg had capacity, but wanted experience. Boone, Harlin and Lindsay had experience, but were defective in capacity. Good, however, would it have been, had their advice been followed. Logan is a dull, narrow body, from whom nothing clever need be expected. What a figure he exhibited at the head of near 500 men to reach the field of action six days afterwards, and hardly wait to bury the dead, and when it was plain, part of the Indians were still in the Country. Genl. Clarke is in that country, but he has lost the confidence of the people, and it is said become a Sot; perhaps something worse.

The chance is now against General Irvine's succeeding; disappointed in Clark's co-operation, which he was promised, and it is said set out with only 1,200 men. Simon Girty can outnumber him; and flushed with so many victories, to his natural boldness, he will be confident.

This state of our Western Affairs calls for the united wisdom and most serious attention of the Executive.

The Carolinas are gone on with their Expedition against those Cherokees,³ they say that gives an asylum to Tories.

I wish they may succeed, but still dread the consequence of multiplying our Enemies. Two Chickasaw Chiefs have been at the Carolina settlement on the Shawanee or Cumberland River, from thence they came to our settlement on Kentucky. Peace are their profession, but complain of our making settlement at the Iron Bank, on the Mississippi.

I esteem your person, and like your politicks, therefore send you this communication, merely for your private information.

I am, sir, with usual respect your very humble servant, etc.

APPENDIX M.

COLONEL BENJAMIN LOGAN TO GOVERNOR HARRISON, GIVING AN
ACCOUNT OF THE DISASTER AT BLUE LICKS.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 280.)

LINCOLN COUNTY, August 31st, 1782.

SIR: I beg leave to present your Excellency & Council with one of the most melancholly events that has happened in all this Western Country. On the 14th inst., Captain Holden, from Fayette, pursued a party of Indians who had made prisoners of a couple of boys in his neighborhood; he overtook them and was repulsed with the loss of four men. On the 16th, a considerable army appeared before Bryant's Station, Under the command of the noted Simon Girty, and many other white men; they attacked the Station closely, and defeated different parties endeavoring to throw in assistance, but without much loss on our side. An Express was immediately dispatched to Col: John Todd, who at that time was in this County in the neighborhood of Col: Trigg. On the 17th, at night, I received a letter from Col: Trigg, wherein he informed me of what had passed. Orders were immediately given for every man to turn out, and on Sunday, the 18th, I crossed the Kentucky with a considerable detachment, & the day after arrived at Bryant's, where I understood the Indians had raised the seige & were followed by Col: John Todd, with 135 of the Lincoln militia under Col: Trigg, and 45 of the Fayette under Col. Bowman. Dreading the consequences that might ensue from this precipitate affair, I immediately pushed within a few miles from Bryant's. We were met by about 25 men, who informed—of a total defeat at the Big Blue Licks on Licking. I covered their retreat, and marched back to Bryant's, where I collected 470 men, and the 24th went to the battle-ground and buried

43—our loss in this action is 50 missing from Lincoln, and 15 from Fayette, among whom are Colls: Todd and Trigg (Trigg was quartered), Major Harlan, Capts: McBride, Gordon, Kinkaid & Overton, & Lieuts: Givings, Kennedy, McMartry, Rogers & McGuire, and Mr. Joseph Lindsay, our Commissary.

From the situation of the ground, on which our men were drawn up on (the plan whereof I have taken the liberty to enclose) I hardly know how it was possible for any to escape. I am inclined to believe that when your Excellency & Council become acquainted with the military operation, in this country, that you will not think them so properly conducted, as to answer the general interest of Kentucky. From the accounts we have received by the prisoners who had escaped this spring, we were confident of an invasion from the Detroit Indians; Common safety, then made some scheme of defense necessary; for which purpose, I was called upon by Genl: Clark to attend a Council, and after consulting matters, it was determined to build a Fort at the mouth of Licking—& shortly I received his orders for 100 men to attend this business, with a certain number from Fayette. Before the day of rendezvous, I was instructed to send the men to the Falls of Ohio, in order to build a strong Garrison, and a row Galley, thus by weakening one end to strengthen another, the upper part of the country was left exposed, and the enemy intercepting our designs, brought their intended expedition against the Frontiers of Fayette. The immense expenses incurred by the state in this western Country, we know is enough to prevent the Government from giving us any further aid; but when your Excellency and Council are informed that the people have never been benefitted by those expenditures, we still hope your compassion will be extended to a detached, distressed part of your country, as it is not in the power of the People to answer the misapplication of any

thing by a proper officer. Genl: Irwin, commanding at Fort Pitt, as a continental officer might probably be more assistance to this country could he receive proper supplies from the state of Virginia, than any other measure that could be adopted—As he has the same enemies to encounter that trouble us, and stores of every kind seem to be of little account to us (ammunition excepted)—Col: Trigg being killed there is a Field officer wanting in this county: however I am at a loss how to proceed on the occasion, for all our magistrates have been killed except three; and there can be no Court to send a recommendation. Col: Harod formerly acted as a Colonel, and who agreeable to seniority ought to have received a commission, is now in being & I think a very proper person for that purpose.

Before I conclude I must beg leave to suggest to your Excellency & Council, that a defensive war cannot be carried on with the Indians, and the Inhabitants remain in any kind of safety. For unless you can go to their towns and scourge them, they will never make a peace; but on the contrary keep parties constantly in your country to kill; and the plunder they get, answers them instead of Trade. Some days past, a white man, one Mr. Simon Burney, with his Indians, arrived at this place in company with two warriors, with talks from the Chickasaws nation—wherein they inform us of their desire to conclude a peace, and the reasons that urged them to war; which was Genl: Clarke's settling Fort Jefferson on their Hunting Grounds, without consulting them first, and are now enquiring for him. They own they have done mischief in this, as well as the infant settlement on Cumberland. Should your Excellency & Council think proper to hold a treaty with these People, Col: John Donelson, who has before served as an Agent for the state is willing to transact any business of that kind.

Since writing the foregoing lines, I have received certain information that Kinchelow's Fort in Jefferson was burned, and 37 souls, made prisoners. Your Excellency & Council will please to indulge me a few moments longer, when I take the liberty to add the situation of 470 persons who surrendered themselves prisoners of war to a British Officer, then in command from Detroit, with a great number of Indians. As well as I recollect these unhappy people were captured in June 1780. And from authentick intelligence that we have received, they were actually divided in the most distressing manner that could be invented. Many of the men were taken to Detroit & their wives retained among the Indians as slaves. Some of the men are now at Montreal & others in different parts towards the Lakes. As the British were the perpetrators of this cruel piece of mischief. I think by the articles of the Cartel, for the exchange and relief of Prisoners taken in the Go: Department, and subsequent measures taken by the different commissioners for that purpose, it is their business immediately to deliver up in this country, at some American Post, all the prisoners then taken—or retaliation be had on our part. Unless they are guarded back, they will never get through the Indian country.

I have the honor to be &c. &c. &c.

The diagram of the battle-ground contains the following note:

“The Indians kept the path from Bryants to the licks, and when Colo. Todd arrived at the Top of the hill on this side of the river, the enemy made a shew of ab't 30 in the bend. Our men marched over upon the Hill. The indians had a very strong line in front which extended from one point of the river to the other. They had flankers and also a party in the rear in order to prevent a retreat. As the river was very deep only at the licks and

the cliffs so steep that a passage was impracticable only where they first marched in. thus circumstanced the Savages, sure of victory rushed immediately up and threw our men into confusion. What escaped returned mostly by way of the Lick. many were killed after they were made prisoners, as they were seen tied.

“From Bryant’s Station to the Blue licks ab’t 40 miles & from thence to the Ohio ab’t 20 or 25. The Bent of the river was generally ab’t $\frac{1}{2}$ mile over & from the top of the ridge each way made down small dreans. In these places lay many indians undiscovered until the attack begun.

“It appears near all the warriors on this side of De Troit were on this expedition; some allow 600 or more.

“Major Bulgar was mortally wounded, and is since Dead.”

APPENDIX N.

ANDREW STEELE TO GOVERNOR HARRISON OF VIRGINIA.

(Virginia Calendar, Volume 3, page 269.)

LEXINGTON, KY. August 26, 1782.

Sir. Through the Continued series of a Seven Years vicesitude, nothing has happened so alarming, fatal & Injurious to the Interest of the Kanetuckians in Particular & all its votaries in General, as the present Concatination of Hostilities, wherewith I am now to acquaint your Excellency.

The Fifteenth of this Inst: Bryan’s Station was Beseiged by a number of Indians, whereof I am not able to form a Just Estimate: the Attack continued warm for about Thirty Hours, During which Period, the Enemy burned several exterior Houses, killed three of our men & made large Depredations on the neat stock & Crop. they then Retired leaving three of their Savage party dead on the ground, besides a number circumstantially so.

The Seventeenth, we were Reinforced from Lincoln, with one hundred & fifty Horse men, Commanded by Lieut: Col: Stephen Trigg & Joined by a few of the Fayette Commanded by Col. Jno. Todd, who composed an Army of one Hundred & Eighty Two. We followed them to the Lower Blue Licks, where Ended the Direful Catastrophy. in short we were defeated—with the loss of seventy-five men—among whom fell our two Commanders with many other officers & soldiers of Distinguished Bravery. To express the feelings of the Inhabitants of both the Counties at this Ruefull scene of hitherto unparalleled Barbarities Barre all words & cuts Description short.

The Twenty fifth, five hundred of the Lincoln militia commanded by Colo. Benjamin Logan (who hitherto had neither been consulted nor solicited to our assistance) marched to the Battle ground in Expectation of a second Engagement, but the Enemy had march'd several Days before. from the order of their march, with many other accruing circumstances, their number was supposed to be nearly six Hundred.

Forty seven of our Brave Kenetuckians were found in the field, the matchless massacraed victims of their unprecedented Cruelty—We are led to conceive that none were captivated, from a number found at the crossing of the Creek tied & Butchered with knives & spears.

Laboring under these Distressing Circumstances we rely on your goodness (actuated from a principle of Universal Benevolence which is the distinguishing Characteristic of the truly great & noble soul) that we will not only become the subjects of your commiseration, but of your Patronage & Protection also. the Balance stands upon an Equilibrium & one stroke more will cause it to Preponderate to our Irretrievable Wo, & terminate in the Intire Breach of our Country, if your Excellency is not concerned in our Immediate safety—

The Author of this narrative is a Person in a private sphere of life & hopes that your forgiving Candour, will induce you, to not only pardon the Intrusion, but the many Inaccuracies that may appear through the whole of this Illiterate & undigested Detail—as it comes from a welwisher to American Liberty & your Excellency's most obed't H'ble Servt.

APPENDIX O.

OFFICERS AND MEN WHO WERE KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF THE
BLUE LICKS.

COLONELS.

Todd, John,

Trigg, Stephen.

MAJORS.

Harlan, Silas,

Bulger, Edward.

CAPTAINS.

Beasley, John,

Lindsay, Joseph,

Bulger, John,

McBride, William,

Gordon, John,

Overton, Clough.

Kincaid, Joseph,

LIEUTENANTS.

Givins, William,

McGuire, ——,

Hinson, ——,

Rogers, Barnett.

Kennedy, John,

SURGEON.

Brown, James.

The Battle of the Blue Licks.

PRIVATES.

Boone, Israel,	McCracken, Isaac,
Corn, Esau,	Miller, Henry,
Cunningham, Hugh,	Nelson, John,
Eads, William,	O'Neal, John,
Ferguson, Charles,	Price, John,
Field, Ezekiel,	Polley, Drury,
Folley, John,	Rose, Mathias,
Foster, Daniel,	Robertson, William,
Fry, John,	Smith, James,
Graham, James (little),	Smith, William,
Greggs, Daniel,	Stewart, William,
Green, Jervis,	Stephens, William,
Harris, William,	Stapleton, John,
Ledgerwood, James,	Stern, Val.,
Marshall, Gilbert,	Willson, John,
McBride, Francis,	Wilson, John,
McConnell, Andrew,	Wilson, Israel.

OFFICERS AND MEN WHO ESCAPED AT THE BATTLE OF THE
BLUE LICKS.

COLONEL.

Boone, Daniel.

MAJORS.

Todd, Levi,	McGary, Hugh.
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CAPTAINS.

Patterson, Robert,	Ellis, William.
Johnson, Samuel,	

ENSIGN.

McMurtry, John.

PRIVATES.

Boone, Samuel,
Boone, Squire, junior,
Bradford, John,
Cooper, Benjamin,
Craig, Jerry,
Craig, Whitfield,
Field, William,
Graham, James,
Grant, 'Squire,
Hayden, Benjamin,
Harget, Peter,
Kincaid, James,

May, William,
Morgan, James,
McCullough, James,
Netherland, Benjamin,
Reynolds, Aaron,
Rose, James,
Rose, Lewis,
Smith, John,
Steele, Andrew,
Twyman, Stephen,
Wilson, Henry,
Yocum, Jesse.

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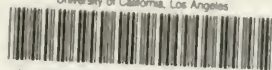
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